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THE VICTORY OF THE SOUL.

BY WM. MACKINTOSH.

Death and the grave and Hades, rife
With hate and unbelief,
Combined to hold the Lord of Life—
But, ah! their sway was brief.

For He, the Victor, rose in might
To their dismay; to all
He proved Death can no spirit smite
Nor hold the soul in thrall.

Yea, Death and Hell were chained unto
His chariot wheels, as He
Swept from this sphere to glories new,
And made the whole world free.

Tho' for a while our frail forms sleep
Within the grave's abode,
The Christ-like soul at death shall sweep
To endless joy and God.

HER MAD REVENGE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"HAVE you everything you want, my dear? Is there nothing more I can get you?"

"Nothing indeed, Mr. Clark; I have a nice novel—at least, it is sure to be nice, because it is by Miss Braddon—a pile of magazines, and a lovely box of chocolate creams! What can the mind of man, or even of woman, desire more?"

Such a bright, sweet girl's voice it was which uttered the merry words, and such a lovely girl's face it was which looked out of the car window, that Mr. Clark, matter-of-fact and prosaic lawyer, and long past middle-age though he was, could not help thinking that the whole station was rendered more cheerful by such a lovely and charming piece of humanity.

She was a girl in her first, brightest youth, seventeen or eighteen at most, and looking even younger from the slender proportions of her figure, the vivid rose-flush of her rounded cheek. She was a brown beauty, having rich brown hair curling about her face in little gold-touched rings and tendrils. She had brown eyes—dark, velvety, radiant, beautiful; and red lips, which looked as if they could not help smiling to show the pretty little white teeth within.

For the rest, her nose was neither Grecian or Roman, but of an indefinite shape, pretty in itself, but I fear not quite according to the strict canons of beauty, and the chin was rather long and pointed, which fact had greatly consoled those of her schoolmates who had envied her her lovely eyes and exquisite bloom; but, in truth, her chin rather added to, than detracted from, the charm of her essentially charming face.

Mabel Stanley was a charming girl; even the most envious of her schoolmates had not been free from her fascinating influence, and had yielded a reluctant assent to her sovereignty. In the dormitory at the Brussels Pensionnat de Demoiselles, where she had spent the last year and a half, she had reigned a queen by right of her beauty, her cleverness, and some other charm more potent, perhaps, than either, but less easy to define.

She had taken the lead before girls older and cleverer than herself with a charming ease; she had ruled her companions with slender, steel fingers cased in a glove of velvet, and they had given in to her without much resistance, and had, moreover, loved her. Nay, even the dry-as-dust old lawyer, who had met her on the arrival of the Ostend steamer, had been charmed, as had been, indeed, the captain, the steward, stewardess, and even the passengers themselves.

Perhaps it was the joyous vitality with which she overflowed that imparted itself to others, and made them feel younger and brighter after half an hour in her society; perhaps it was the delight caused by her beauty which gave her so much influence.

I don't know what her charm was; it was indefinable, but no less potent, since even Mr. Clark had succumbed to it during that short drive from the docks to Waterloo in a crawling four-wheeler, with Miss Stanley's great leather trunk upon the top.

"I wish I could have found time to run down to Dingle with you," he said sincerely, as he stood at the door of the compartment of which Mabel had sole possession, and about which her "nice novel," her pile of magazines, her chocolate creams, and her travelling bag were scattered impartially, occupying every seat. "It is quite against my old-fashioned notions that such a pretty young lady should travel alone."

Mabel laughed lightly.

"Oh, I shall manage splendidly, Mr. Clark, thank you," she said cheerfully. "I am quite equal to the care of even such a precious person as myself! And there is no change, you know."

"No, that is satisfactory, so far," said the lawyer, smiling.

"And the guard looks quite reliable," the girl went on, in her pretty voice. "And there are very few people travelling. Oh, I shall be all right."

"And you will try to persuade Miss Stanley to come up for a few weeks in the autumn?" he said kindly. My sister and I will be delighted to have you for so long as you can stay, and we live in an old barrack in Russell Square which would accommodate the whole of Madame de Genlis's boarding-school. And we can do the theatres, you know, and all that kind of thing."

"Oh, it will be lovely!" Mabel replied enthusiastically. "We will come; I'll persuade Pauline, if she should need persuasion. I want, above all things, to see the Kendals and Ellen Terry. We'll be sure to come."

"That is right," he replied heartily. "Remember me very kindly to your sister. She is altogether an exemplary and admirable girl, as good as she is beautiful, but she is too fond of staying at home. You will brighten her up, I am sure!"

"I'll try," Mabel answered, with a laugh and a nod, and then she put her two little gloved hands in the old man's and thanked him for his kindness.

Then the porters ran along the platform, shutting the carriage doors, and Mr. Clark stood back, lifting his hat, and standing still until the train had left the station.

"A charming little girl," he said to himself, as he hurried back to his offices; "and stronger than her sister, both physically and mentally, if I am not mistaken, and almost as beautiful."

To be eighteen years of age: to have left school for good and aye: to be pretty; to be so healthy that a headache was an unknown sensation: to be going home to a sister whom she loved with something like worship; to be well enough provided with worldly wealth to have pretty gowns and a fair amount of enjoyment, and to have carried off all the prizes from a crowd of English and Belgian competitors: surely these were sufficient reasons for happiness, even had not Miss Braddon's last novel and a pound of delectable chocolate creams been added; and as the train glided out of the station, Mabel Stanley sank in her corner with a long sigh of happiness. There was a smile, too, in her lovely eyes, a smile parted her red lips, and no one seeing her could have doubted that not one of all the happy girls in England was happier than this one.

And yet, if she could have seen, if she could have known! If the kind old man, her father's friend, who had parted with her a few minutes before, could have seen into the future, even for a few hours, and discovered what was in store for her, how heavy his heart would have been.

For some time the tempting-looking, yellow-backed novel lay unheeded upon her lap; she was too much occupied with her own thoughts to need help in passing time. She was thinking of her last days at school; the merry girls, the breaking-up party, the prizes she had won, the song she had sung, and which had been such a success that distinguished professors from the Conservatoire, who had been present, had said what a pity it was that she did not continue her studies, with a view to making music her profession.

How charmed Pauline would be that she had had such a success, and what pleasant evenings they would spend together in the dear old drawing-room at the White House, she at the piano, and Pauline in her favorite chair, in her pretty white gown, listening and working, and looking as beautiful as only pauline could look.

What a wealth of roses there would be clambering up the drawing-room windows, and in the old-fashioned beds of the dear old gardens. How tall and stately the hollyhocks, standing like sentinels on either side of the path leading up to the porch, would look, and how sweet the air would be with jasmine and honeysuckle, and those tall, sweet lilies, which, from her childhood, had reminded her of Pauline: they were like her—tall, white, and lovely—her beautiful sister Pauline.

How happy they would be! What drives they would have in the little basket carriage! What rambles in the woods, what long, lovely walks through the lanes; and in the winter they could skate on the pond; she would teach Pauline to skate, and, if there was much snow, they must try and have a sleigh.

How glad they would all be to see her, the girl thought, her eyes brightening yet more at the prospect of that glad welcome. Pauline would be at the station to meet her, in one of her white gowns—Mabel had stipulated for a white gown—and Dorcas Fane, their faithful friend and servant, and Mary and Susan would be standing in the porch, and tea would be ready; a dainty meal with cream and hot-cakes and strawberries, and such tea as she had not drank since she left Dingle over eighteen months ago.

Eighteen months ago she had left home, and since then she had not seen her sister. The first vacation was to have been spent at home, but there had been illness of an infectious kind in the village, and Pauline had forbidden her return, and was not well enough herself to undertake the long journey, which the extreme severity of the weather prevented either of the girls performing when Christmas came round; so they would have lots to talk about. And Pauline's latest letters had hinted at something she had to tell Mabel when they met; something bright, glad and happy, the girl felt sure, for Lina's letters had been better and sweeter than before.

The stoppage of the train with a jerk broke Mabel's chain of thought; with a little start, she looked up, and found that they had reached their first stopping place. It was a small roadside station, with a cottage where the station-master lived, and over which a superb Gloire de Dijon rose grew in magnificent profusion.

Mabel was admiring this, when a gentleman passed the window, evidently looking for a car. Perhaps Mabel's face attracted him, perhaps he had been merely impressed by the fact that the compartment was almost empty; but, in either case, he stopped suddenly, opened the door, and courteously lifting his hat, he entered the car, deposited his travelling bag in the netting, and sat down; the next minute the train began to move, and they left the station behind.

"I must not go on smiling to myself in this absurd fashion," said the girl to herself. "He will think I am a lunatic, and perhaps appeal to the guard for protection. I wish he had not got in here, but it can't be helped, and I will have a look into Miss Braddon."

She opened her book, demurely keeping her eyes fixed upon the pages for some minutes, without, however, taking much interest in what she read; then her feminine curiosity prevailed, and she lifted the long, shadowy lashes and glanced at her *vis-a-vis*.

For the moment, and fortunately, he was not looking at her, his face was turned towards the window, and his eyes were fixed upon the scenery. Mabel's rested on him for a minute with all the keenness of vision of a young lady freshly emancipated from school and strict supervision.

He was a man who could scarcely fail to be interesting to any feminine observer, but to a damsel of eighteen he was naturally much more so than he have been to a woman three times her age.

He was a young man, perhaps twenty-five years old, or it might even be thirty, his features were regular and handsome, he had fair hair, and a smart, fair moustache, blue eyes, with rather a strange expression in them, and he was dressed in gray, and had a yellow rose in his gray tweed coat.

Altogether he was a very pleasant-looking travelling companion, and Mabel's dark eyes rested on him approvingly. She had not removed her gaze when, to her dismay, he looked across at her, and their eyes met.

The carnation in Mabel's cheeks deepened as her eyes fell, while the young man's face brightened with an expression of amazed admiration as his eyes rested on her, admiration which, after a moment, mingled with something like puzzled questioning.

The girl kept her eyes downcast now, and, in his turn, her travelling companion was at liberty to scrutinize. He looked at her closely, with more criticism than young men usually bestow upon a pretty girl when they see her for the first time; but Mabel's form and face could bear criticism, notwithstanding the nondescript little nose and pointed chin; and after a moment there was nothing but admiration in the keen, smiling, blue eyes, which rested on her face, and rested there for so long a time that the girl resented the examination, and looked up with a swift, angry flash of her lovely eyes.

"I beg your pardon," the young man said earnestly, seizing that glance as an excuse for breaking the silence, with admirable presence of mind. "I was dreadfully rude, but if you will let me explain I am sure you will absolve me. I have been sent by my uncle to meet a cousin of mine, who ought to be in this train, and whom I have not seen for many years, in fact she was four years old when I saw her last; she is sixteen now, so when I saw a young lady travelling alone, I could not help looking at her rather closely. Pray forgive me."

"I am afraid I was rude first," Mabel answered frankly. "But I hoped to have the compartment to myself all the way," she added ingenuously.

"I am so sorry," he answered penitently; "but I am getting out at the next station."

"Oh."

A little silence ensued. Mabel was thinking with comical appreciation of the situation, of Madame de Genli's horror if she had seen her favorite pupil conversing with a stranger in a railway car. The young man was thinking that he had never seen a more charming face than that of the unknown girl.

"May I ask if you are my cousin?" he asked gravely. "I am Fulton Leclerc, and my uncle is Mr. Edward Leclerc, of the Oaks, at Tadcaster; and, if you are my cousin, you have just come home from school in Paris, and your name is Maud."

Mabel laughed merrily.

"I am not your cousin," she said gaily. "And if you expected to see her at the last station, are you not spoiling your chance of doing so, by going on to the next?"

"You see, I thought I had found her," he said deferentially. "I suppose she is in some other car. Did you see a young lady travelling alone when you got in at Waterloo?"

"No; but I should probably not have noticed her if I had," she replied carelessly. "I hope you will find her at the next station."

"Why? Are you anxious to have the car to yourself again?"

"Oh, no," Mabel answered, laughing. "There is plenty of room for both of us. Only I thought I understood you to say that you got out at the next station."

"So I do. It is Tadcaster, and my cousin must get out there. You, I presume, go further on?"

"Yes," Mabel answered quietly, but not volunteering the information his question had been meant to extract.

"I hope," he continued, leaning slightly forward, "that you are not angry with me for taking you for a schoolgirl?"

Mabel lifted her pretty dark brows.

"Oh, dear, no! Why should I be angry? I was a schoolgirl until quite recently," she answered, laughing. "I was emancipated the day before yesterday, and I have left school now for good."

"And you are glad?"

"Of course I am glad," Mabel replied, with a glance of surprise at the question. "Were not you glad to leave school?"

"I left school so long ago that I have forgotten how I felt," he replied, laughing; "but, looking back at them, schooldays seem to have been awfully pleasant—I should have said 'jolly' if I had not been speaking to a young lady! Of course their delights were tempered by sundry canings, impositions, and lines, and there were such things as fags and fagging; but, on the whole, there was plenty of fun."

"Oh, yes, of course, but I like home best," she answered quickly. "Did you have bed-room suppers?" she went on eagerly, looking at him with bright, dark eyes, as free from coquetry as if she had been eight years old instead of eighteen. "We had, sometimes. We had a grand one on the night before we broke up. They make such nice *patisserie* in Brussels, and the servants smuggled it in to us. It was such fun!"

"We used to have bedroom suppers, too," he answered laughing. "But we did not go in for pastry. We used to have sardines and lobster salad, and ham and tongue. We made the salad in a wash-hand basin, you know."

Mabel laughed.

"I suppose you did not have pastry because English pastry is so nasty as a rule," she said. "You cannot get French confections at an English pastry cook's. In Brussels there are all sorts of cakes to be had."

"Then," his voice was a little constrained as he asked the question, "I conclude that you were at school in Brussels?"

"Yes," Mabel said frankly, then with a sudden deepening of the lovely carnation tints, she went on simply, "I am afraid I ought not to have talked so much, but I am so glad to go home, and so happy, that I think if you had not come in, I should have talked to myself."

"Then I am very glad I did get in," Mr. Leclerc said smiling. "It must be awfully trying to want to talk and have no one to talk to! If I were much alone I should certainly get into the habit of speaking to myself. Are you going far, Miss——I beg your pardon, I think you have not told me your name!"

Mabel looked at him gravely.

"Do you think I ought?" she asked quietly.

"I told you mine," he replied, flushing slightly under the direct glance of her lovely eyes.

"That is different."

"Perhaps it is," he answered with ready grace. "Forgive me; I should not have asked you, if it were not somewhat awkward to carry on a conversation without knowing the name of the person whom one has the pleasure of addressing."

"Then shall the conversation cease?" she said quietly and demurely.

"Not unless I am boring you," he answered with eagerness. "Am I? I am afraid Tadcaster is quite near, and I shall have to get out there. I hope you will not doom me to silence, when my time with you is so short. But perhaps you are getting out there also?" he said, the eagerness deepening in the handsome blue eyes.

"No; I am going much farther on," Mabel answered, wondering at the impulse which made her determine not to tell him her destination.

The young man looked disappointed; the few minutes, barely amounting in all to twenty, which he had passed in her society had made him feel the charm which she possessed for everyone.

"She is a little witch," he thought to himself, wondering how he could discover her name. "What eyes she has, and what superb coloring! Not beautiful, perhaps, like——"

Some painful, or at least unpleasant, thought obtruded itself. He grew slightly pale, and bit his lip. Another face had risen up before him, a face—pale, statuesque, beautiful—looking at him with fathomless blue eyes, which were full of reproach and pain. He frowned a little, and the frown, slight and transient as it was, marred the handsome face considerably.

"I should think your father and mother will be delighted to have you home again," he said, after a moment's silence, speaking with an affectation of fatherly interest which he hoped would impress the young girl favorably.

"I have no father, I have no mother," Mabel replied calmly.

"I beg your pardon," he said unaffectedly earnest in his penitence. "What an idiot I am. Can you ever forgive me for such folly?"

"There is nothing to forgive," she replied gently. "My father died so many years ago that I can but dimly remember him, and it was my mother's sudden death which killed him."

She had turned her eyes from his face as she answered, so the change in its expression escaped her, otherwise it was great enough to have startled her, and perhaps aroused her suspicions.

He had grown perceptibly pale, and there was a strange uneasiness and anxiety in the blue eyes which had been so serene and smiling. It was fully a minute before he spoke, and there was a constrained tone in his voice which made Mabel look at him curiously, but which she attributed to his dismay at having asked a question which might have been so very painful.

"How very sad," he said. "I am truly sorry for my careless remark."

"We are just near Tadcaster," Mabel observed quietly disregarding his apology.

"Yes," he said, "and——"

He paused abruptly. He had evidently been going to ask a question, the answer to which would have possessed much interest for him, for there was an eager light in his eyes. But he probably thought better of it, for he drew back, and rising, took down his bag from the netting.

It was a very handsome travelling bag, made of crocodile skin, with the initials, "F. L." upon it, and it struck Mabel as harmonizing with the appearance of its owner, who looked like a man of fashion and position.

The train slackened speed, then drew up at Tadcaster Station. Mr. Leclerc removed his hat, and Mabel's quick eyes noticed that his hair was fair and silken, with a slight wave in it.

"I wish I need not get out here," said he, smiling. "If you would allow me, I would gladly see you to your journey's end."

"And your cousin?" Mabel said, laughing.

"My cousin?"

He looked puzzled: he had forgotten for a moment the little romance he had improvised to excuse his intrusion into her privacy.

"Oh," recollecting it, "her father will be here, but as I was coming to Tadcaster, I hoped to pick her up *en route*. May I come with you?" he added, pausing in a real desire to see more of this beautiful, winning creature, who had charmed him. "I am an idle man, I have nothing to do. Let me be your brother on this occasion!"

Mabel laughed.

"Had not you better get out?" she queried coolly. "I don't suppose they will await your convenience. You are very good, but the very idea is absurd!"

He got out and stood with his hand upon the door.

"I may be of some use to you! I can, at least, see to your luggage when you reach your destination," he suggested.

Mabel laughed again, a mocking little laugh, like a peal of silver bells.

"And on that chance you would go all the way to Chagford?" she said gaily.

"Ah! You are going to Chagford then!" he said, while the same curious change again crossed his face. "Well, I wish you a pleasant journey," he added, with a bow, as he stood back.

"Thank you," Mabel answered, with a laugh. "I hope you will find your cousin; good-bye!"

He stood watching the train as it glided from the station, but Mabel's lovely face, framed in the window, soon disappeared. But even when it was no longer visible he stood motionless for a moment, as if oppressed by some worrying uncertainty or doubt, then, with a muttered "Impossible!" he turned on his heel and left the station.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, Lina! how lovely you are! Oh, darling sister, I have seen nothing so beautiful since I saw you last."

"Do you never look in the glass, you foolish child?"

"Oh, but if I am pretty, as I am, of course, you are beautiful, Pauline, beautiful as a poet's dream!"

The words were spoken with an earnestness which was not without passion, and Mabel's hands shook a little as they held her sister's and her eyes were dim with tears as they rested on Pauline's face. The sight of her sister on the platform had been a revelation to her.

She had known that Pauline was fair to see, but the wider experience she had brought back now told her that it was not more than once or twice in a lifetime that such beauty as hers is met with. Something almost like the love of a poet for his mistress, of the thrilling passion of the love of a man for a woman, sprang up in the girl's passionate heart in that moment, to be hereafter the ruling influence of her life.

Pauline was beautiful; no other word was suitable to her, no other would have described her correctly. She was tall and slender, and her every movement was replete with the grace which is only to be met with in a perfectly-proportioned woman, and not always in her. Her complexion was pale, but most delicately tinted—soft, creamy, exquisite. Her features were perfectly regular, Greek in outline, faultless in detail; her hair, drawn softly back from her white brow, was golden in hue, and unusually luxuriant, her eyes were deep blue, serene and clear.

And yet there was none of the immobility and want of animation about Pauline Stanley which are sometimes met with in perfect beauties. She was no statue, but a very woman—tender, pure, sweet and sensitive, and as innocent as a child from the seclusion and solitude of her life.

Few women of five-and-twenty years old know so little of the world as Pauline Stanley did. She had never left the shelter of her own house; she had been taught by her mother, and when she died, by the aunt, her father's only sister, who had filled her mother's place, until she, too, had gone to her rest.

Her father, a recluse and student, knew little of the world beyond Chagford, and Mabel herself, innocent though she was, was a little woman of the world compared to her beautiful, peerless sister.

No one, seeing the girls together, would have guessed at any relationship between them; nothing could have been more unlike Pauline's queenly blonde beauty than Mabel's dark, glowing, winsome loveliness, while their very attire seemed to accentuate the contrast between them.

Mabel's simple traveling dress of gray carmelite fitted her like a skin; she had a coquettish little gray hat, with a flame colored wing, which was not only becoming in itself, but the prettiest possible head gear, and extremely coquettish; she had long, wrinkled *peau de Suede* gloves on her pretty hands, and the prettiest and daintiest of little kid boots on her small feet.

Miss Stanley, *au contraire*, wore a long, soft gown of Indian muslin, gathered in loose, lace-trimmed folds at her throat and wrists; she had removed the dust cloak she had worn during her drive, and had no other wrap; her hat was quaint, wide-brimmed, and gipsy-like, it was tied under her chin by some soft, white ribbon; her thick little gauntlet gloves were not quite *en regle* with her pretty white gown, but they were made necessary by her duties as charioteer.

"How much luggage have you, Bell?" she said quietly, for Mabel seemed to have lost all thought of everything but her sister's lovely face, and was gazing at her as a votary gazes at a saint. "I want to tell Parsons that it must go by this omnibus. How will a young lady used to the elegances of civilized life put up with being three miles from a station?" she added laughingly, as they left the station together.

"Very comfortably," Mabel answered gaily. "The elegances of civilized life did not reach Madame de Genli's Pensionnat de Demoiselles, I assure you."

"Did not they? Well, so much the better; my little sister will miss the gaiety of Brussels less, and excuse the deficiencies of the White House more easily."

"There are none to excuse," Mabel said enthusiastically. "Besides, if the White House were a hovel, it would be, of all places the most charming, since it contains you."

"I cry you mercy!" Pauline said merrily. "What a little flatterer you are, Bell!"

"Truth is not flattery," answered Mabel stoutly. "Oh, Lina, if you only knew how wildly happy I feel and how much I love you!"

"I can guess the latter from my own love for you, my dear," Miss Stanley said fondly, looking at the radiant face with loving eyes. "Now, will you drive, or shall I?"

"Oh, you, please. I feel certain that I should overthrow you into the first ditch. Pauline, I am just going to sit and feast my eyes on you, my lovely white sister! You are more like a lily than ever!"

Pauline laughed as she took the reins, and with a parting direction to the station-master, the girls drove away down the white, dusty road, and through the green lanes between Chagford and Dingle, where the White House stood.

Never in her after life did Mabel Stanley forget that drive—the last the sisters ever took together. The July day was full of beauty and sunshine and fragrance. The tall hedgerows were thick with foliage; the great trees afforded a welcome shade from the sun pouring down from the cloudless sky; in the distance the hills were enveloped in a fairy-like mist; the fat, gray pony went at a pleasant pace, neither too fast nor too slow, and the thought of home so near now made Mabel's heart beat joyously.

But charming as the scenery was through which they passed, the girl's eyes rarely strayed from her sister's face, beautiful, happy, and serene under the shelter of her broad-brimmed hat. Surely, beautiful as Lina had been when her sister went away, she was more so now.

Her eyes looked darker, softer, and more lustrous; her lips looked as if they held a happy secret; her voice was sweeter, more musical than ever. Mabel felt as if she could look at her for ever without weariness; she had no thought but for her, no future hope unconnected with her.

Even at the steady pace with the pony maintained, the three miles between Chagford and Dingle were soon compassed, and about a quarter of a mile beyond the village stood the White House. The girls' progress through the quaint, irregular street of which Dingle consists was like a royal procession, Mabel said laughingly.

The villagers crowded to their doorways to smile and curtsey to the pretty young lady with the flame-colored wing in her hat, who nodded her bright head and smiled gaily, and uttered many a laughing greeting; and Doctor Pearson, coming out of his red-brick house, which stood midway up the steep old street, walked up to the pony-carriage to offer his greetings, and thought he had never seen so fair a picture as the two girls made, in their bright beauty and happiness.

And then the girls drove on until the White House came in sight, and Mabel uttered a joyful little cry of recognition at sight of the group of white-capped women standing under the porch.

"Dear old Dorcas, and Mary, and Susan," she said gaily. "Drive faster, Lina! We are at home!"

What a pretty house it was! No wonder the girls loved it, and that all visitors to the village inquired who were the fortunate owners of that earthly paradise, which looked not only so picturesque but so comfortable!

It stood well back from the road, less than a quarter of a mile from the village, and was low but spreading. Low-ceiled rooms, when they are large, are charming, and the White House was roomy, and most comfortably and conveniently planned. It had a verandah running round its four sides and the roof itself had

deep caves which added to its picturesque appearance.

The hall door opened into a charming square hall, with an oak floor, oak ceiling, and breast-high oak panelling to its walls; on one side of the hall was the morning-room, on the other the dining-room. At the back of the house was the drawing-room, with French windows opening on to the velvety lawn and a sweet, old-fashioned garden, full of the fragrant, old-fashioned flowers with modern floriculturists disdain, but which are infinitely more charming than the scentless products of extreme cultivation; and under the quaint, deep caves were quaint, pretty bed chambers, with tall, wooden mantel-shelves and tiled hearths, and wide, deep, old cupboards, roomy and capacious enough to receive the contents of half a dozen modern wardrobes without any crushing.

It had been called the White House for many a long year, but time had made that appellation rather a misnomer, for the walls, if white originally, were so overgrown with ivy and creepers that it was difficult at any time, and in summer simply impossible, to distinguish what tint they were. Clematis, and jasmine, and honeysuckle clambered up even over the verandah, making it a thing of beauty, and the air fragrant with their sweetness; the clustering roses peeped in at the upper windows in rarely surpassed luxuriance; and never had the White House looked more picturesque or prettier than it did on this July day when Mabel came home.

Scarcely had the pony stopped before Mabel had sprung out of the pony carriage, and was greeting Dorcas Fane, the faithful maid who had come to the White House with her young mistress twenty-seven years before, and had been a steadfast friend to her and her children. She was a tall and singularly refined-looking woman, with dark hair slightly tinged with gray, and she spoke with a more refined accent and tone than are usually met with in persons of her station.

She loved Mabel well, but her affection for the younger sister paled into insignificance beside her love for Pauline, whose resemblance to her mother had greatly strengthened the interest Dorcas had felt for the firstborn child of the mistress she loved so well; and it would have been no exaggeration to say that Dorcas would have laid down her life for Miss Stanley without a moment's hesitation. Indeed, Pauline seemed one of those happy mortals who are born to win love from all with whom they come in contact.

"Welcome home, Miss Bell!" said Dorcas cordially. "You're looking well and bonnie; is she not Miss Lina?"

"That's a dear old woman," Mabel replied, laughing. "And you have taken good care of Lina, you kind Dorcas; I never saw her looking so well."

"She does look well," Dorcas murmured proudly, and her glance at Pauline brought a lovely little flush to tint the creamy pallor of her fair face, which Bell saw, but did not comment upon, as they entered the pretty old hall, which Pauline had made so bright and fragrant with roses to welcome her sister.

"My own old room, of course," Bell said gaily, running up the broad, shallow, old-fashioned stairway with her sister. "Oh, how pleasant it is to be at home, and how lovely a bath will be after the dust of that odious train! Oh, Lina, how pretty you have made my room, and how lovely it looks after that bare room in the Avenue Louise!"

"I am glad you like it, Bell; Dorcas and I did it all ourselves," Pauline answered, in her soft voice, which, low and wailing, was a perfect contrast to her sister's quick, bright tones, so clear and silvery. "We hesitated between pinks and blues, and finally decided on this pretty pale yellow as more esthetic and more becoming to our little brunette. Ah! I see your boxes are here before us, so, while you are having your bath, Mary can unpack for you. Oh, Bell!" she added suddenly, melting into almost agitated tenderness, as she put her arms round her sister, "how glad I am to have you back! I have often wanted you, dear!"

They kissed each other with one long, sacred kiss, then Bell lifted her head and looked questioningly at her sister.

"You have something to tell me, Lina?" she said gently, and again the lovely rose flush crimsoned Pauline's face, and the blue eyes drooped before Bell's questioning glance.

"Yes," she replied, with a little agitated laugh, "something very nice, Bell; but it is too long a story to tell you now. Oh, Bell! I am so happy that it is no wonder that I look well."

She kissed her sister again, and went to the door; on the threshold she turned and nodded with a smile, then, with the hot, sweet blushes still burning in her cheeks, she hurried away, closing the door after her.

Pauline's own room was beside her sister's, only divided from it by a tiny, pretty sitting-room, which the girls were to use in common. If it were a larger room than Bell's it was more simply furnished, and it lacked all the pretty lace hangings, caught back with faint yellow ribbons, which made Mabel's room so pretty; there was a large old-fashioned wardrobe, rugs on the polished floor, and a large photograph of her mother over the tall, painted, wooden mantel-piece.

The dressing-table stood between the windows, and when Pauline had removed her hat and dust cloak, she stood for a moment as if hesitating, then crossing the room, she stood still before the looking-glass, gazing fixedly, critically on the reflection there. But doubtfully, critically, as she looked, she could find no fault with the lovely, blushing face, the sweet, radiant eyes, the tender, happy lips.

"I am glad to be beautiful for his sake," she murmured softly. "I think half my prettiness comes from my happiness; and oh, Geoff, I am so happy, thanks to you."

She put both her little hands up to her hot cheeks, with a gesture of shyness so expressive, and so pretty, that it was a thousand pities no one wa there to see it and admire; and with a little happy laugh, she turned away from the mirror, and sat down on a deep, old-fashioned sofa, large enough, with its chintz coverings and pillows, to accommodate half-a-dozen slender white figures like Pauline's.

For a while she rested there, musing, with little idle hands crossed in her lap, and sweet, thoughtful eyes; and that her thoughts were happy ones no one, seeing her, could doubt. Then she rose, washed the slender, ringless hands, and smoothed the rich, golden hair, and swept softly down-stairs again, in her long, soft, white gown, with its pretty old laces at her throat and wrists.

Passing the dining-room, she glanced in to see if the tea-table was temptingly laid. In the cool, carefully-shaded room the spotless damask shone white as snow, setting off the pretty old dark-blue cups and saucers, and glittering antique silver; in the centre of the table a great bunch of roses stood, making a vivid spot of color and fragrance: all was dainty and artistic, and Pauline, with an approving nod, passed on to the drawing-room.

Here also the shadowy coolness prevailed, and here also it was made fragrant by the sweetness of roses. It was a very pretty room, long and low-ceiled, furnished inexpensively but artistically, and rich with treasures of ancient porcelain which would have charmed a connoisseur; and a single glance around would have announced its occupants as having refined and cultured tastes.

As Pauline entered, a card on a small table near the door attracted her attention; she glanced at it carelessly, then sighed slightly, and her fair face shadowed a little. It was the rector's card, and he, young and unmarried, would gladly have made Pauline mistress of his pretty rectory, had she wished it.

She had declined the honor, gratefully but firmly, and the young clergyman's sorrowful face had been like a reproach to her ever since. She put the card down and passed on to her favorite chair. As she sat down, a maid entered with a letter.

"Mr. Pointer was coming this way, ma'am," she said as she came to Pauline's side; "so he thought he would leave this for you."

"It was very kind of him," Pauline said. "Please thank him for me, Susan."

There was, but one postal delivery at Dingle, and had Pauline Stanley not been a special favorite with the old postmaster, the missive in question would have remained at the postoffice until the next day. But Mr. Pointer would have felt himself more than repaid for his civility if he had seen the vivid flush of delight in the girl's eyes as they rested on the superscription; and as soon as she was once more alone, with a hurried glance around, she caught it up passionately and pressed it to her lips.

"At last!" she murmured softly. "It has been long in coming, but it has come at last. Why, it is nearly a week!"

She held the letter in her hand, looking down at it with a world of tenderness and love, as if she wished to prolong the pleasures of anticipation, then, with another shy, sweet glance around, she broke the seal and took out the paper. As she did so, a shade of disappointment clouded the radiance of her face; it was evidently but a short letter, for the outer sheet was blank.

She unfolded the paper and began to read:

For a minute or two she read in silence, then her face changed, a stifled exclamation broke from her lips, from which all color had fled, then the paper fell from her hands and she raised them and touched her eyes with her fingers, as if some sudden shock had affected her eyes.

When she removed them she was lividly pale, and there was a strange, startled look upon her face.

She took up the letter once more, but for a moment did not make any effort to resume its perusal; the startled look on her face had given place to one of incredulous horror; she looked like a person reeling under some cruel shock or blow, and trying to recover from it; with a sudden, supreme effort she bent her eyes upon the letter again, and read it through once, then, with eyes growing dark and dim with anguish, she read it through a second time.

For a few minutes after she had concluded the second perusal, she sat cold, pale, motionless, as if turned to a stone, then, with an inarticulate sound, half a cry, half a groan, she stood suddenly upright, as if galvanized into life and strength.

There was not a remnant of her former radiant, smiling loveliness left as she stood there; her face was like the face of a dead woman in its deathlike pallor and awful stillness; her colorless lips were parted; she seemed to gasp for breath, and with trembling, agonized movements of her hands she tore at the loose folds of Indian muslin about her throat and bosom, as if even their light touch suffocated her. But the fierce strength was but momentary, it failed as suddenly as it had come; she dropped heavily into her chair again; her hands, feeble and strengthless now, still fumbled helplessly and blindly among the muslin and lace of her gown; faint moans escaped her lips. Then those ceased, her head sank upon the table by her side, and a long streak of sunshine creeping in at one of the windows fell, as if tenderly and pityingly, on the bowed head with its wealth of golden hair, and on the cruel letter which had fluttered from her nerveless hand upon the floor close by.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STRANGE METHODS.—At the last meeting of the Berlin Anthropological Society, a German officer who has lived on Comero Island, one of the Canary group, described a whistle language which is used by the inhabitants. The language does not consist of any arbitrary series of signals or sounds; it is described as ordinary speech translated into articulate whistling, each syllable having its own appropriate tone.

The Gomero uses both fingers and lips when whistling, and the officer asserts that he can carry on a conversation with a neighbor a mile off, who perfectly understands all he is saying. The practice is confined to Gomero Island, and is quite unknown on the other islands of the Archipelago.

The adoption of the whistling language is said to be due to the peculiar geographical construction of Gomero Island. It is traversed by numerous gullies and deep ravines running out in all directions from the central plateau. As they are not bridged they can only be crossed with great difficulty, hence a man living within a stone's throw of another in a straight line has often to go round many miles when he wishes to see and speak to his neighbor.

This, it is conjectured, led to the adoption of whistling as a useful means of communication, which has gradually assumed the proportions of a true substitute for speech. It is described as being anything but unpleasant to the ear.

This reminds one of the drum language of the natives of the Camaroons, by means of which the most complicated messages can be conveyed to villagers at a distance when occasion necessitates it. For this purpose a peculiarly shaped drum is employed.

By dividing the surface into uneven halves the instrument upon being struck may be made to yield two distinct notes. By these, and shortening or lengthening the intervals between each note, a code is established. All the natives understand this code, and so elaborate is it that a chief can by its means summon to his presence any villager whom he desires to see, intimating to the latter at the same time the purpose for which he is required. In this way, too, messages can be sent from village to village over wide stretches of country.

THEY hurt themselves that wrong others

Bric-a-Brac.

A PEEP AND SCREECH.—In Georgia, when a man is asked how far it is to the next plantation, and he answers that it is "a peep and a right smart screech," he is supposed to mean that it is as far as you can see from where you stand, and then as much farther as a strong voice can be heard.

THE LION.—The Persians are of the opinion that a lion will never hurt a person of their religion, which is somewhat different from that of the Turks. They firmly believe that their lions would devour a Turk, but that they themselves are perfectly safe if they take care to let the lion know by some exclamation of what religion they are.

LAND HOLDING.—A curious Oriental manner of determining land tenure relates to small pieces of State lands situated between the boundaries of villages in Asia Minor. One of the villagers, standing on the steps of a mosque, calls out at the top of his voice, the point beyond which his voice cannot be heard being the limit of the village property. At the neighboring village the same performance is repeated, and the land between belongs to the State.

THE WOMAN'S NAME.—In Cuba a woman never loses her maiden name. After marriage she adds her husband's name to her own. In being spoken of she is always called by her Christian and maiden names. To a stranger it is often quite a task to find out whose wife a woman is. Never hearing the wife called by the husband's name, one naturally does not associate them together. The children take the names of both parents, but place the mother's name after the father's.

HOME RULE.—The Siamese women thoroughly understand home rule. The man, the husband, is "lord of creation"—outside of the house; he is quite a superior person, and has a very great part to play in the universe. At home he represents the working capacity of the family, but is not regarded as an ornament to it. The wife does nothing but smoke and think; the husband washes the children, smears their bodies with yellow powder, and gives them and his wife their rice, and all goes as happily as it should in a well-ordered household.

CELEBRATING A BIRTHDAY.—In a town of Minnesota, whenever a member of a certain congregation "has a birthday," he or she is expected on the Sunday succeeding the event to approach the missionary-box, and in the face of the congregation to drop into it a number of cents equal to the number of years marked by the anniversary. The ladies however are not to be entrapped into making unnecessary admissions. They have the wit to elude detection by making the missionaries a present of a dollar, or one hundred cents, a sufficiently inclusive sum.

"THE SEVEN WHISTLERS."—The sad wailing cry of the curlew while on the wing in the dark still nights of winter is believed in some parts of England to be a death-warning, to miners particularly, and is called the "cry of the seven whistlers." This term is also applied to the red-wing, the wild goose and the plover. In Shropshire and Worcestershire the seven whistlers are considered to be "seven birds, and the six fly about continually together, looking for the seventh, and when they find him the world will come to an end."

A LIFE'S FOOD.—It has been calculated that on an average each man who attains the age of 70 consumes during the course of his life 20 wagon-loads of food, solid and liquid. At 4 tons to the wagon, this would correspond to an average of about 100 ounces of food per day, or say about 120 ounces per day during adult life and about 80 ounces during infancy and youth. Most modern doctors agree in regarding 120 ounces of food per day, corresponding to 5 or 6 half-pints of liquid food and 7 or 8 pounds of solid food, as in excess of the real daily requirements of a healthy man or woman. Yet probably most of us take more than this, in one way or another, during the day. One physician, from an extensive analysis of the dietary of soldiers, sailors, prisoners and the better paid classes of artisans and professional men, found the average daily quantity of solid and liquid food to be 148 ounces. Doubtless many take much less, but unquestionably many take much more than this.

SOME men use no other means to acquire respect than by insisting on it; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does a highwayman's in regard to money.

DEATH IS DEATH.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

A little while, you tell me, but a little while,
And I shall be where my beloved are;
And with your eyes all large with faith you say
"Thy dear ones have not journeyed very far."

"Not very far." I say it o'er and o'er,
Till on mine ear mine own voice strangely falls,
Like some mechanic utterance that repeats
A meaningless refrain to empty walls.

"Not very far;" but, measured by my grief,
A distance measureless as my despair,
When, from the dreams that give them back to me,
I wake to find that they have journeyed there!

"Not very far." Ah me! the spirit has
Had its conjectures since the first man slept;
But O the heart, it knoweth its own loss,
And death is death, as 'twas when Rachel wept!

From Out the Storm.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DICK'S SWEETHEART," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

SO it was her he loved," she said at last, turning back to Mrs. Verulam, who still sat in a stricken attitude upon the rug. "I knew—I guessed there was some one; but that it should be that one woman of all others!"

"There is nothing remarkable in it!" exclaimed Cicely, growing voluble and scrambling to her feet. "Every man of my acquaintance, with an exception or two just to prove the rule, thinks her divine. Why, I don't know—unless angels have green eyes and a most repellent manner. But that's just like men—treat them vilely, and they worship you; fall at their feet, and they will scarcely trouble themselves to pick you up. Pouf! I have no patience with them, and Wriothesley of all men, who really has a mind of his own."

"Was it going on long?"

"What—that hateful infatuation of his? No, not long. Three months at the very most."

"But why didn't he marry her, then?" demanded Wriothesley's wife, coming away from the window, and moving impetuously into the fuller glare of the lamps, where Cicely could see her more plainly.

As she saw her, she felt a sudden shock. The childish trust in Marvel's eyes was no longer there—the lingering touch of childhood that had indeed up to this stayed with her was gone.

She stood there, a woman, young, lovely, but embittered by a knowledge of the world's ways that had hitherto been unknown to her.

As Mrs. Verulam gazed at her, she grew sad at heart, and remorseful too.

It was she who had dragged this delicate retiring flower into the fuller glare, as it were; and, lo, as the hot scorching sun touched its leaves, the frail, sensitive, pretty thing had withered!

She wished she could undo her deed now—but it was too late.

Marvel's question still remained unanswered, and the girl drew a little nearer, and touched her on the shoulder.

"Speak!" she said imperatively. "You know all—answer me! Why did he not marry her?"

"For the simple reason that she declined to marry him."

"She declined!"

It seemed impossible; but, if true, it only made the case even so much harder to bear.

With a heart crushed, wounded, rejected, yet filled with love disappointed, he had made her his wife. It was cruel, ignoble of him.

"Yes. If revenge would do you any good, which it wouldn't, you might find it in that thought. She actually rejected him—led him on to the very last moment, till he laid his heart at her feet, and then threw him over."

"But why—why?"

"She flew at higher game. Fulke is an Earl, it is true, but there are bigger titles in the market. And there was an old man—a creature too poor to name—a miserable, contemptible thing—a very wreck of what had once been human—but a Duke! There lay the magic charm that made him young and lovely—a very elixir. What were Wriothesley's love and youth when laid in the balance against that? Why, nothing! The Duke proposed on the very day before Wriothesley came for the answer to his proposal, and madam suddenly made a swift discovery that marriage with Wriothesley would not tend to her happiness; so that story ended."

"And mine began. It is an iniquitous thing; I have been vilely treated!"

She began to walk rapidly up and down the room. She was dry-eyed, and she held her head high.

There was a world of angry contempt upon her lips.

She had taken it so altogether differently from what Mrs. Verulam had expected, who had anticipated tears and sobs and gentle misery of that sort, that the latter still sat on the white rug, not knowing exactly what to say or do.

"Still your story is not complete," said Marvel, turning to her sharply. "Where is that old man you spoke of? She is as yet only Mrs. Scarlett."

"He died. If, as I said before, revenge would comfort such as you, there it is ready to your hand. But you will extract nothing from it—I know you. Yes, on the very eve of the consummation of her proudest hopes death stepped in and shattered them. The old man was gathered to the fathers who had had ample time to forget him, and madam's chance of becoming a Duchess was knocked on the head."

Marvel was scarcely listening. Her quaint habit of giving herself up to the moment and letting it carry her whithersoever it would had taken her now back to the yacht.

Once more she stood in the saloon, and had caught up the paper on which he had lain prone some days before, heart-broken. Again she eagerly scanned its contents and saw the paragraph with the heading in the huge letters, "Sudden Death of the Duke of Dawtry."

She knew all about it now quite well—no explanation could make it much clearer now.

The old man was dead, and she was free; but he, Fulke, was tied and bound to one whom——

She raised both her hands and pushed back her hair from her forehead. Once again that terrible sense of suffocation was bearing down upon her.

She would not endure it. She turned quickly to Cicely.

"All this has to do with her and Lord Wriothesley."

It was the first time she had ever called her husband by his title, and Mrs. Verulam marked it with some anxiety.

"But what have I to do with it? Why does she dislike me—the innocent victim?"

"My dear girl, think! She had set her heart on being a Duchess; but, had Dawtry failed her, she would very willingly have consented to be a Countess. Dukes and Earls don't grow on every bush; but she was fortunate enough to have so far netted both as to be sure of one if the other escaped her. Well, as I tell you, that old Duke died, and she was fully resigned, after a decent hour or so of mourning, to fall back upon the Earl. But you had stepped in meanwhile, and the Earl was not to be had. You had dared to interfere with her arrangements. V'la tout."

"It was an unpardonable rudeness. I feel I should apologize," said Marvel, with a short laugh. "If I could undo my fault, believe me, I would."

She spoke carelessly, though her eyes were burning.

Mrs. Verulam, who was fond of studying people, regarded her curiously.

"Well, you can't," she said; "and lucky it is for Wriothesly that it is so, though hardly so for you. It is a shame you should be so thrown away; but, if ever he returns, Marvel, and should see you both in the same room—she, middle-aged, spiteful, as she really is, and you at your youngest and best—why, that will be a bad quarter of an hour for her, at all events! It was an unpleasant story from start to finish"—speaking earnestly. "And I daresay you will not love me the better for being the teller of it; but yet it is better you should know it, if only as a means of guarding yourself against that woman."

"I shall be guarded. I shall know what to do."

She stopped short, and looked at Mrs. Verulam, still sitting on the rug.

"I do not love you any the less," she said.

"Come here, darling," cried Mrs Verulam impulsively—"here—quite close! There is one thing; it is this. I am afraid you care more than you say; but that is folly. Many men—most men—have been in love before their marriage; but it has not prevented their——"

"Now no more!" said Marvel, with a strained smile. "We will forget it all, for a while at least; and whenever I am very unhappy about it, as you think I am now, I shall come to you for comfort. There—is not that a concession and a promise?"

She stopped speaking suddenly, and looked a little blankly at Mrs. Verulam.

"I do believe it is I who am lecturing you to-night," she said. "How the tables have turned!"

She paused, and then remarked, "How old I have grown!"

"My dearest girl, if you would——"

"Never mind; one must grow old sooner or later, and I have been a baby for quite a ridiculous time. Let us forget all this. Let us talk of to-night's triumphs. I was a success—eh?"

"A tremendous one—one unprecedented. But you must not let that fact turn your head"—a little uneasily. "Come—tell me now whom you most liked of all your partners?"

"A question easily answered—Sir George Townshend."

She seemed to have entered completely into the present question and put all deeper considerations behind her.

Her manner was a little feverish, yet hardly forced. She puzzled Mrs. Verulam more than she would have liked to confess.

"Sir George? I should have thought you would have found him dry—dry as the bones he is for ever digging up and examining. Did he breathe many of his scientific secrets into your ear?"

"No. On the contrary, his conversation was of the airiest matter imaginable, and the most charming."

Mrs. Verulam looked at her sharply.

"Sir George!" she said again. "Any other man on earth you like, but that he should talk of anything airy or charming!"

"He talked of you," said Marvel, "and so incessantly that I quite enjoyed my short time with him."

"How absurd!"

Mrs. Verulam tried to frown, but failed dismally.

"If he has tried to convince you that he is of the usual butterfly order," she said, "made to amuse and to be amused, he is an impostor. He is heavy, I tell you—heavy as lead. Don't let him impose upon you. But he was not the only one you talked with to-night. What"—she changed color in spite of herself as she put the question—"did you think of Mr. Savage, for example?"

"It was odd about him; he proved to be an old acquaintance. On that day when"—bitterly—"I rid Fulke of my presence, he was in my car, and was kind to me in many little ways on the journey. I like him, I think, though his manner—did it ever strike you that it was a trifle empressé?"

"He is always rather too pronounced to be pleasant," said Mrs. Verulam carefully. "You shouldn't mind what he says; he has always some new fad or other—believes himself five fathoms deep in love here, or mad about a picture there, or enslaved by a new opera round the corner. But he is a nice boy enough if one agrees to take him au naturel, and pay no heed to his eccentricities."

It was as near as she could go to a warning, and she herself thought it very neat. There was indeed only one fault—Marvel did not understand one word of it.

"He is coming here to-morrow," she said—"or rather to-day"—pointing to the window, through which the pale gray morning light was stealing.

"To call on you?"

"Or you. I hardly know which—both most probably."

Marvel yawned slightly, and Mrs. Verulam rose to her feet.

"We have run our time for sleep rather fine," she said. "I must get me gone. Good night, you pretty heart, and happy dreams to you! They should be happy"—she caught the girl affectionately by the arms, and looked at her earnestly—"but will they? You will not let that old story torment you? It really is not worth it."

"It is not indeed," said Marvel very evenly. "There—go to bed! One should think of nothing now but rest."

Then she kissed Mrs. Verulam, and led her to the door, and stood there with a light held high above her head, smiling at that dainty matron as she sped swiftly and noiselessly up the corridor to her own room.

She gained a corner, turned to wave her hand to Marvel, looking so pale and slim and ethereal in her shimmering robes, with the diamonds flashing here and there, and her eyes like stars, and then was gone.

Marvel went back into her room, and, extinguishing the lamps, drew the curtains, and watched the waking day. Slowly it came up, and slowly too, although tumultuously, her thoughts gathered and arranged themselves.

That woman her rival! She shuddered as Mrs. Scarlett's pale handsome face rose before her. Oh, any one but her! And he, knowing——

It seemed to her the cruellest thing she had ever hear of; with a curious intuition, she knew that he had married her out of a wild longing for revenge, a desire to prove to her he loved that he was not inconsolable.

But how poor a thing it was! And she had so believed and trusted in him as the one man on earth worthy of all loving belief and trust. It was hard—hard!

She felt as some poor wild thing might when trapped and caged. There was no escape for her, and no way of crying her grievance aloud. He to whom alone she could declare it had forsaken her, and was—she hardly knew where just then.

A sense of desertion, of misery too acute to be borne, fell on her, and she sank upon her knees before the open window, and, leaning her head against the casement, gave herself up to despair. The cold early dews settled on her and clung to her soft hair; but she heeded nothing save her own sad thoughts.

CHAPTER XIX.

THERE were a good many people certainly, but very few of them to be seen. Large white umbrellas of a prodigious growth hid most of them. The thermometer was at ninety in the shade, and all Mrs. Verulam's guests had given way beneath the abnormal heat, and were sitting about in any available spot where a breeze might be expected.

The tennis-players, however, nothing daunted, still held out. One could hear the triumphant shouts of the winners and the groans of the vanquished, mingled with sharp altercations now and then when somebody's partner had missed a ball that was, as all the world had seen, the simplest thing to take.

There was a huge tent to the left of the courts, and in it a few limp people had taken refuge with the soda-water and the seltzer and the other things; the tea was in a solemn corner all by itself.

Outside, the white umbrellas looked like so many tiny tents set up on their own account, as if in defiance of the real one farther away. There were mostly two people under each umbrella, sometimes three, infrequently four.

Mr. Kitts, who was an alarmingly social young man, kept skipping from "brolly" to "brolly"—as he called the umbrellas proper—with an agility that did him credit, considering the condition of the thermometer.

"Come and have a game—do!" he said, popping his head inside one of the impromptu tents that at the moment held four. "'Tisn't half bad when you get used to it."

"A game! What d'ye take me for?" cried Sydney Dameron, a rather popular novelist, waving him aside. "Go away—go away! We are far too clever to condescend to games. We have brains—we. Isn't it so, Mrs. Geraint?"

He appealed to a stout little lady at his side, who had dressed herself in white, as stout women will, with an effect that was fatal. She was fat and forty without being fair, and had a vivacious manner that caught the unwise passer-by and nailed him to her side.

She believed herself a poet born, and posed as such—not the die-away æsthetic poet of the latter days, but a good, solid, downright, *bona fide* rhymer of rhymes, such as the healthy soul should delight in.

She had a small circle of her own somewhere wherever she went, who were presumably healthy, because they did delight in her, to the extent of drawing her out, which gave them no trouble whatever, as she loved nothing so dearly as her own voice.

Upon herself and her poems—did one unluckily "bid her discourse" and lend her one's ear—she would hold forth until the sun died down and till it rose again.

Some of her sonnets, as she loved to call them, had been written at the early age of seven; and these, even in their raw state, she would tell you, were far above items given daily to an intelligent yet—so far as her breathings were concerned—unenlightened public.

Next to the would-be poetess sat her husband, a handsome man of a rather music-hall type, to whom she appealed every now and then to confirm her assertions.

She was gratified now by Dameron's allusion to her brains, and threw up her hands with an expressive gesture.

"Tennis? No!" she said. "I have no time for it—no inclination. You should not tempt me."

She shook her head archly at Mr. Kitts, to whom there appeared on the instant a vision of a fat feather pillow endowed with legs and arms making a wild stroke at a ball flying miles above his head; but he kept this extraordinary optical illustration to himself.

"Work, work," she declared, "is all I desire. I have no time to play. I have just—as I have been explaining to Mr. Dameron—been arranging my poems into volumes—seven I think they will make when printed, and I am only embarrassed now as to whom I shall intrust them to. Eh, dear?"—to her husband, who started into more intelligent life.

"Quite so; that is all that now remains," he said decisively.

"It is most interesting, is it not?" said Dameron, addressing Sir George Townshead, who was fourth occupier of this particular umbrella. "Mrs. Geraint had everything prepared. Her charming poem 'To a Dead Mouse,' written at the innocent age of seven, and which I have read—so, you see, I may honestly speak of it, now only awaits a printing-machine to carry joy to the hearts of thousands! It is the most sportive, the most extraordinary, the most genuinely mirth-provoking bit of creative genius on which my eyes have ever lit!"

"Did it strike you as being comical?" said she meditatively. "At the same time, perhaps, I thought—I meant—— But it only shows how one's natural inclination towards wit will break forth. I assure you, at the time I wrote it, I quite believed myself pathetic."

"Well, so it is—so it is—intensely pathetic," said Dameron. "I assure you there were moments when, as I read it, I felt inclined to cry for, that is, with you."

"Those little things thrown off at that tender age, there is something curious about them. Didn't that occur to you as you read them—eh?"

"Nothing occurred to me so strongly," said Dameron.

"And now there is just the one last thing—to choose a publisher," said Mrs. Geraint seriously, to whom it did not occur that the principal difficulty might lie in getting a publisher who would choose her. "You have had, of course, considerable experience, dear Mr. Dameron. Whom would you recommend to me?"

Whereupon Dameron, rather unkindly, mentioned the name of the leading firm in the poetry line, hardly expecting she would take him seriously. But he did not know.

"Ah, yes, they are good people!" she said thoughtfully, placing her finger to her forehead as if to help memory. "But are they trustworthy? Might I depend upon them not to eliminate bits, or to touch up, or to alter a word or phrase? That is so important. One likes to keep one's little gems intact. No artificial finery, no false elaboration! You honestly believe they will not meddle with my poems?"

"I would stake my reputation on it!" declared Dameron gravely.

"Such a comfort to hear you speak so decidedly! Isn't it, Sir George? And so you really believe these darlings of my brain will be a success? To tell you the truth"—leaning coquettishly towards him—"I have dared to believe as much myself. There is such diversity in them—

"'From gay to grave—from lively to severe.'

That line always seems to me so appropriate to my genius. One might almost imagine that poor dear Pope had written it expressly for me."

"Perhaps he did," observed Dameron; "though"—doubtfully—"even when you were seven he couldn't have been alive, could he?"

"Tut! Of course not, you silly man!" said Mrs. Geraint, rather tartly. "I'm not the Wandering Jewess, I assure you; I haven't lived for centuries."

"Oh that you might!" said Dameron devoutly. "Think what a number of your 'little things' you could knock off if time

were permitted to roll by unheeded by you. By-the-bye, have you ever read anything of yours to Sir George?"

"What I am anxious to know," interrupted Sir George, with suspicious haste, and an angry glance at Dameron, who seemed delighted, "is where your talent principally lies—in tragic subjects, or in lighter veins?"

"That is what you will learn if Mrs. Geraint will be good enough to read you the first volume of her intended series."

"Really," said Mrs. Geraint, simpering modestly, "every emotion seems to come to me with equal readiness. I have written merry verses and melancholy verses; I have been tender, I have been cruel; I have been pointed and inconsequent."

"Oh, so inconsequent!" murmured Dameron admiringly.

"And I have been—well, really I think I might say satirical. Eh, Dickory?"—to her husband. "Don't you think I might say I have been even satirical?"

"Oh, certainly satirical!" said he, as though a little shocked with her for having a doubt on the subject.

"So, you see, Sir George, you cannot well judge of me without a lengthened reading. But, as you have expressed such a flattering desire to know, I shall be charmed to give you some of my choicest efforts as soon as we can arrange an hour. What do you say to now, by-the-by—this very moment? In this languorous heat what could be more enchanting than the soft liquid rhymings of——"

At that opportune instant Mrs. Verulam popped her charming head under her umbrella.

"I say, you good people, don't you want your tea?" she cried.

Sir George rose with alacrity, the others more slowly, and all moved in a body to the tent.

Lady Wriothesley stood in the entrance to it, clad in a severely simple gown of white linen, with a heavy gold band clasping the' mechlin frilling at her round throat.

The opening of the tent seemed to frame her in and make the picture, if possible, more perfect.

"What a face! It is a dream!" said the novelist, in a low tone.

He was making mental notes as he looked at her for his next heroine. Mrs. Scarlett, who heard him, smiled supercilliously. As she entered the tent she said a gracious word or two to Marvel, and, as she seated herself, drew her skirts aside and beckoned to the girl to come and sit beside her.

Something curious and premeditated in the smile that accompanied this invitation predisposed Marvel to refuse it; but Mrs. Scarlett's strange cold eyes were on hers, and, as if compelled to it against her will, she obeyed the summons.

"Is it victory that has paled your cheek?" asked Mrs. Scarlett, in her slow indifferent way. As she spoke she was scanning Lady Wriothesley's face in a leisurely fashion that was as embarrassing as it was impertinent.

Marvel grew warm beneath her gaze; almost it seemed to her as though this woman knew why her cheeks were white, her lips dumb, and gloried in the knowledge.

It was terrible to her to have to sit there side by side with her who held her husband's heart, who was all in all to him, whilst she—his wife, who should have had first place in his affection, was as nothing.

She writhed in spirit; and then all at once a little chill fell on her, and she raised her head and looked defiantly before her.

Why should she feel nervous in her presence? What hateful fascination was it that was stealing over her? She drew her breath sharply and flung the feeling from her.

She remembered how Cicely had warned her. Mrs. Scarlett was still talking in that low monotone that was like distant music.

"Of course it charmed you, success always does, and your triumph of last night was so complete! I was only sorry that Wriothesley was not here to witness it. You know, don't you, that he is an old and dear friend of mine! He has of course often spoken to you of me?"

"No, never," said Marvel, regarding her steadily.

"No? He was always a little taciturn, dear fellow; but that is carrying reserve to an extreme—eh? As I was saying, it was a pity he did not see how you were admired last night. It was your first appearance?"

"My first? Yes."

"How cruel to hide yourself from us for so long! But I do not wonder at your husband's wishing to keep you to himself. When one loves a thing, one is jealous of the very eyes that look upon it. Wriothesley was naturally though," playfully, "you will permit me to say, selfishly desirous of keeping you as long as he could all to himself. You see," with her swift smile, "though I have no lover myself, I understand lovers' ways."

There was a subdued meaning in her tone and glance that maddened Marvel.

"Do you mean me to believe that you understand Lord Wriothesley's ways?" she asked icily, though her heart was beating violently.

"Well, we were friends," replied Mrs. Scarlett very slowly. "Where is he now?"

"In Brazil."

"So far? Mrs. Verulam tells me you were not strong enough to accompany him. What a sad parting it must have been for two so wrapped up in each other as you were! Were you long married at the time?"

"What time?"

"When you separated."

"Not very long. The subject seems to have a keen interest for you," said Marvel very directly.

"So it has," with an air friendly to a degree, and perfectly unmoved. "You must know I felt myself rather aggrieved when I heard of your husband's marriage."

"So I have heard."

For an instant Mrs. Scarlett's eyes flashed; then she leaned back in her seat and slowly unfurled the big crimson fan she was holding, and moved it indolently to and fro, while a low insolent laugh broke from her.

"That so old a friend should have sent me no word of so important an event naturally offended me. It was by the merest chance I knew of it at all. And where was the reason for such secrecy?"

She paused, as if seeking information from Marvel, but in reality to enjoy the expression of anguish, of passionate shame that stole over the young and beautiful face.

"Even at this moment I am ignorant of when his marriage really did take place. Was it last year, or——"

"You know," said Marvel, in a clear voice, "Lord Wriothesley married me the week after you rejected him. Is your examination at an end? Have you said all you wished to say? Is there any other question I can answer for you?"

She was standing now, tall and firm, and was looking down at Mrs. Scarlett with eyes that flamed with vehement indignation.

With that righteous anger in them, they were not altogether unlike Mrs. Scarlett's own eyes.

"Well, just one," said Mrs. Scarlett very sweetly. "When do you expect him home?"

"Never," said Marvel, with a strange emphasis.

What was the use of concealment with this woman who knew all, who gloried in the thought that for her sake the husband was false to the wife?

She felt tired, desperate; something was rising in her throat which seemed to choke her. She looked round her with a little wild appealing glance in her sweet lovely eyes.

Mrs. Verulam came up quickly to her, and laid her hand on her arm.

"Talk of India's sun," she said lightly. "It would hold down its head before ours. You will get one of your old headaches, Marvel, if you persist in braving it."

Then, in a hurried whisper: "Be brave, collect yourself! Don't let her notice you!"

She drew Marvel away with her, still talking in her pretty clear treble, until, just outside the tent, she came upon Sir George Townshend standing alone.

"Will you do something for me?" she said.

"Anything in reason."

"Then take Lady Wriothesley somewhere out of this hurly-burly; the sun is a little too much for her. She is pale and tired. Don't talk to her, meditate on your latest love, and give her five minutes or so to recover herself."

"Dear me, Lady Wriothesley, you do look white!" said Sir George, with such evident concern that Mrs. Verulam raised her eyes quickly to his.

He did not seem to see her; he placed Lady Wriothesley's hand on his arm, and took her away instantly towards a secluded walk.

Mrs. Verulam stood still and stared after them until they were out of sight. Then she gave way to her feelings.

"Well!" she said; and that was all. But there was a good deal of meaning in it.

CHAPTER XX.

MARVEL and Sir George had however gone only thirty yards or so when they encountered Savage coming towards them at a rapid pace.

His face lit up so unmistakably on seeing Lady Wriothesley that Sir George rightly conjectured it was to see her he was there. This gave him a chance of seeking that solitude he craved for, as he was not in his best conversational mood.

"So fortunate to meet you so soon!" said Savage directly to Marvel, lifting his hat and letting his dark face brighten into a smile. "How d'ye do, Townshend? Going anywhere in particular?"

This was an open hint that he would like to accompany them.

"No," said Townshend. "Lady Wriothesley is feeling a little overdone by the heat, and I have been given directions that she is to go to some shady spot, and when there to maintain a settled silence. The present spot seems admirably arranged for the purpose, but, if we all three keep together, talk we will undoubtedly. So, as you are an older friend than I am, I think I shall leave Lady Wriothesley in your care, and take myself away."

"If she will permit it," said Savage, looking earnestly at her.

"As you will, Sir George," said she, smiling faintly.

She gave him a little kindly glance of comprehension, and then walked on with Savage to where the coveted garden-seat might be found.

As for Sir George, he stood for a moment hesitating, as if uncertain whether to go back to the merry party on the lawn, which evidently seemed to him the preferable thing, or to quit the field altogether, for the day at least.

The hesitation was of short duration. He settled his hat firmly on his brow, and with an air of stern determination sought the stable, found his horse, and rode away homewards.

As Marvel sank wearily upon the rustic bench, she glanced at Savage.

"It will be very dull for you," she said. "If you will leave me, I shall be quite content here, and you might join the others."

"Don't send me away!" entreated he quietly. "If I may only stay here, I too shall be content."

"You look as if you meant that," said Marvel. "But to sacrifice yourself like this on such a lovely day!"

"I don't think I look at it in that light," said he quite gravely. "But tell me—what brought you here away from all the others?"

"Sir George told you. I was tired."

"I think you are more unhappy than tired," said he gently.

"Is it so plainly to be seen?"

She looked at him very sadly.

"Well, I don't seem to mind your knowing it, somehow; but it is nothing really. I was feeling a little unstrung, a little distressed, and so I came here to get away from it all."

"That you should be unhappy!" he said.

There was passion in his tone, but she, who up to this had stood outside Love's kingdom, heard it unheedingly.

"It is almost a crime," he went on in a low voice; "one is tempted to doubt the justice of it. You, so young, so sinless, should be without care or pain or troubling thought."

"I would not be so altogether exempt from the general doom," said she, smiling; "in that too would lie injustice. But indeed"—laying her hand pathetically upon her bosom—"I wish that I had less here to think of. There is memory, that cruellest foe—who can escape it? Can I? Can you?"

"I cannot," he replied; "but memory is not always merciless."

"To some perhaps it relents; but as a rule we all fear it more than we love it. And, as for me—young as you deem me—I have already lived long enough to know how to be deadly tired of life. Indeed sometimes," said she dreamily, "I wish very heartily that I were dead!"

"Don't speak like that," said he, greatly shocked in spite of the calm emotionless manner in which she had said it.

"But why not? A great many people, I think, have honestly wished that. But perhaps it is a wrong wish, and perhaps too, if brought face to face with the fulfilment of it, one would shrink."

She sighed heavily, as if tired, and leaned backwards.

"You are talking too much," said he anxiously. "You are worn out from one cause or another, and you should rest, not argue about such a sorrowful point."

"It rests me to talk—I am so often silent. And do you know," said she, turning to him with a charming smile, "that I like talking to you? You seem to comprehend, as it were; and you do not tell me I am tuneful, or call me a 'silly goose,' as Cicely does!"

"The gods forbid!" said Mr. Savage piously.

"I hope they always will—I should not like you to change in that respect: though they tell me you do change in most ways."

"Do they? And who are 'they'?"

"Never mind; it has nothing to do with it."

He thought it had, but he held his peace on that score.

"True," he said. "What really matters is that you have told me that you think so far well of me as to care to converse with me. That pleases me more than I dare say."

"Perhaps it arises out of the fact that our first meeting occurred so long ago, so very long ago," said she slowly, absently, as if dwelling on some thought or scene in the remote past. "But indeed, always when I think of you, it is as a friend."

"Then you do sometimes think of me?" he said in a low tone, bending forward to look into her eyes, such serene eyes, clear and candid as the day.

"Very often. Everything," mournfully, "connected with that day comes back to me with such a strange persistency."

She shivered slightly as she spoke, as at some dread remembrance, and a cloud crossed her face.

"How she detests the very thought of him!" said Savage to himself, mistaking the cloud and the sorrowful manner.

"I am glad you regard me as a friend," he said gently; "though indeed I am hardly worthy to——"

"Do not say that," she interrupted sweetly; "for indeed I need friends, and I would believe you true; though," with a sudden calm glance at him, "I have been told that you love nothing long. This thing to-day, and that to-morrow, but 'consent to one thing never!' That argues badly for a lasting friendship! I would have my friends ever the same to me through storm and shine, even as I should be to them."

He turned a penetrating glance on her, and met her eyes full. All at once he dismissed his suspicions from him as unworthy.

That face, so calm, so pure, belonged only to a soul unblemished. No hidden meaning, he was assured, lay behind the words that yet might have been those of a practised coquette; but the lovely features before him forbade all speculative thought.

"I do not ask you who has given me such a bad character," he said: "I will only ask you to suspend judgment until you yourself have had time to form an opinion. And in the meantime I would entreat you to believe that you have on earth no truer friend than I am."

Some color came into his face as he spoke, and his dark eager eyes flashed.

Nothing warned Marvel at the moment, and she held out her hand to him. To her he was only that dear thing, a real friend, gained by one who was indeed poor in the possession of them. Oh that Fulke had been as kind to her as this man was! She was thinking of Wriothesley rather than of him when he next spoke.

"If I could help you!" he said. "Something has annoyed you, I know, and sometimes to speak of an annoyance kills it."

"I could not speak of it," said she, in a troubled tone; "and indeed perhaps I made too much of it. It was only that I was questioned—tormented——" She broke off. "It is rude to ask questions," she said presently, with a slight frown—"certain questions, I mean—isn't it?"

"More than that. 'Ill-bred' would be a civil word for it!" Then suddenly—"Who was your tormentor?"

"Mrs. Scarlett."

"Ah, she would be!"

"Why?" asked she, with a sickening fear that he too knew all.

Her face grew very pale, and probably he divined her dread, since he laughed very cleverly; and, with a carelessness that disarmed her—

"'Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,'" he quoted lightly; "and I have known Mrs. Scarlett quite long enough to be sure that she would be no friend of yours. She is a very—er—clever woman, but that is no reason"—gaily—"why you should be afraid of her. There is no earthly reason why any one should ever regard another with dread."

"I think you are nervous, and very naturally so. A woman of the world, and especially one of Mrs. Scarlett's calibre, is no mean foe."

"That is it!" said Marvel, turning suddenly to him. "A foe! Oh, I wish she were not that! What have I done to her that she should hate me so? It was not my fault that I——"

She checked herself, and colored crimson.

"You have known her a long time then?" she went on confusedly. "You seem to bear her small good-will. Did she ever refuse you?"

The question was so naïve, the reason for it so childishly transparent, that Savage, though touched by the expression on her face, could not refrain from laughing aloud.

"I did not give her the chance," he said. "I cried off at the last moment—more by luck than good management, I allow. I will confess to you, though, that sometime she might have done what she chose with me. I was so infatuated with her that—— Well, never mind! I haunted her; I was her shadow. How awfully absurd it sounds now! I have often gone about for days with an abominable faded flower stuck in my breast, just because her hand had touched it. It went on for ever so long. She is artful about keeping you in line, putting off the denouement until her own time arrives for getting rid of you. She put it off a little too long however in my case. She played with me as though I were a trout; but, as I tell you, she overdid it; and one day I made a violent effort and broke clean away, carrying the hook in me. I acknowledge that that hurt me for a considerable time; but after a while I got rid of that too, and, as you see, I am a sound fish still. Instead of throwing myself at her feet, I took the train to Dover, and went to Paris. But I'm afraid she has never forgiven me."

"I think she has," said Marvel. "I saw how kindly she smiled at you to-day."

"Did you? Oh, then, you may be sure she hasn't! And, by Jove, talk of—er—— Here she comes, you know!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE JAPANESE THEATRE.—A Japanese theatrical performance commences generally at early dawn and lasts a dozen hours. The stage occupies the end of the building from wall to wall. Oddly, the actors do not make their appearance from the side or back (there are no wings), but strut along a narrow platform over the heads of the pit by means of just such a boarded footway as is used by European conjurers. Faithful to the canon of no illusion, the performers stand ready dressed in an open place off the entrance lobby, where all who come in may see them. When they hear their cue they push through a knot of loiterers and march to the stage along the platform, acting as they go. Indeed, important portions of a scene which demands a rapid exit are frequently gone through upon this narrow footway and not on the stage at all. The effect is apt to be very often unintentionally comic.

In a Japanese theatre there are two tiers of boxes, the lower of which is provided with sliding paper doors, forming small rooms like bathing machines. The pit is divided by low cross-bars into squares, reminding one of the cattle pens of old Smithfield, each capable of holding four persons comfortably. A Japanese family bent upon enjoyment engage a compartment for the day if a position suited to the purse—in the middle of the house, if well to do, nearer to the stage or the back, according to the scarcity of coin—and, having deposited clogs in the ante-room, take up a position with cushions, kettle, tea-things, smoking tray, and never move till midnight, unless to pay some visits to their friends.

EVERY lie, great or small, is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but Omniscience can fathom.

THE DEAD.

BY A. T. R.

Only to touch once more the vanished hand,
Only once more the silenced voice to hear,
Only to know the hovering shade is near!
Though the black veil, no man can understand,
Falls between us, and the mysterious land
Where they are dwelling whom we hold so dear,
Our granted prayer would crush, the doubt, the fear,
That twines in sorrow's cord the bitterest strand;
So, from the vigil of the sheeted Dead,
So, from the grave with all its tended flowers,
The wailing from the hearts uncomforted,
Goes up to Heaven through all life's lonely hours;
As soft as dew the answer from above,
"For thee I lived, I died, whose name is Love."

A GOLDEN LOAD.

BY G. M. FENN.

CHAPTER VI.

A SUDDEN CHANGE.

IF any one says I played spy, I am ready to speak up pretty strongly in my self-defence, for my aim always was to do my duty by Sir John my master; but I could not help seeing two or three things during the next fortnight, and they all had to do with a kind of telegraphing going on from our house to the one over the way, where Miss Adela generally appeared to be on the watch; and her looks always seemed to me to say:

"No; you mustn't think of such a thing," and to be inviting him all the time.

Then, all at once I thought I was wrong, for I went up as usual at half-past seven to take Mr. Barclay's boots and his clothes which had been brought down the night before, after he had dressed for dinner.

I tapped and went in, just as I'd always done ever since he was a boy, and went across to the window and drew the curtains.

"Nice morning, Master Barclay," I said. "Half-past——"

There I stopped, and stared at the bed, which all lay smooth and neat, as the housemaid had turned it down, for no one had slept in it that night.

I was struck all of a heap, and didn't know what to think.

To me it was just like a silver spoon or fork being missing, and setting one's head to work to think whether it was anywhere about the house.

He hadn't stopped to take his wine with Sir John after dinner; but that was nothing fresh, for they been very cool lately.

Then I hadn't seen him in the drawing-room; but that was nothing fresh neither, for he had avoided Miss Virginia for some little time.

"It is very strange," I thought, for I had not seen him go out; and then, all at once I gave quite a start, for I felt that he must have done what Sir John had told him to do—gone.

"That won't do," I said directly after. "He wouldn't have gone like that;" and I went straight to Sir John's room and told him, as in duty bound, what I had found out, for Mr. Barclay was not the young man to be fast and stop out of nights and want the servants to screen him.

There was something wrong, I felt sure, and so I said.

"No," said the old gentleman, as he sat up in bed, and then began to dress; "he wouldn't go at my wish; but that jade over the way is playing with him, and he is too proud to stand it any longer, besides being mortified at making such a dunce of himself. There's nothing wrong, Burdon. He has gone, and a good job too."

Of course, I couldn't contradict my master; but I went up and examined Mr. Barclay's room, to find nothing missing, not so much as a shirt or a pair of socks, only his crush-hat, and the light overcoat from the brass peg in the front hall; and I shook my head.

Miss Virginia looked paler than ever at breakfast; but nothing more was said upstairs.

Of course, the servants gossiped; and as it was settled that Mr. Barclay had done what his father had told him, a week passed away, and matters settled down with Miss Adela Mimpriss sitting at the window just as usual, doing worsted-work, and the old house looking as grim as ever, and as if a bit of paint and a man to clean the windows would have been a great blessing to us all.

Every time the postman knocked, Miss Virginia would start; and her eyes used to look so wild and large, that when I'd been to the box and found nothing from Mr. Barclay, I used to give quite a gulp: and many's the time I've stood back in the dining-room and shook my fist at Miss Adela sitting so smooth and handsome at the opposite house, and wished she had been at the world's end before she came there.

CHAPTER VII.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

MR. BARCLAY had been gone three weeks, and no news from him; and I was beginning to think that he had gone off in a huff all at once, though I often wondered how he would manage for want of money, when one night, as I sat nursing Tom, I thought I'd look through my desk, that I hadn't opened for three or four years, and have a look at a few old things I'd got there—a watch Sir John gave me, but which I never wore; six spade-ace guineas; and an old gold pin, beside a few odds and ends that I'd had for a many years; and some cash.

Tom didn't seem to like it, and he stared hard at the desk as I took it on my knees, opened it, lifted one of the flaps, and put my hand upon the old paper which contained the statement about the old gold-plate.

No; I did not. I put my hand on the place where it ought to have been; but it wasn't there.

"I must have put it in the other side," I said to myself; and I opened the other lid.

Then I turned cold, and ran my hand here and there, wild-like, to stop at last with my mouth open, staring. The paper was gone! So was the money, and every article of value that I had hoarded up.

For a few minutes I was too much stunned even to think; and when at last I could get my brain to work, I sat there, feeling a poor, broken, weak old man, and I covered my face with my hands and cried like a child.

"To think of it!" I groaned at length—"him so handsome and so young—him whom I'd always felt so proud of, proud as if he'd been my own son. Why, it would break his father's heart if he knew. It's that bad woman's doing," I cried savagely. "She turned his head, or he'd never have done such a cruel, base, bad act as to rob a poor old man like me."

For I'd recollected lending Mr. Barclay keys, and I felt that sooner than ask his father for money, he had taken what he could find, and gone.

"Let him!" I said savagely at last. "But he needn't have stolen them. I'd have given him everything I'd got. I'd have sold out the hundred pounds I've got in the bank and lent him that. But he didn't know what he was doing, poor boy. That bad woman has turned his brain."

"Ah, well!" I said at last bitterly, "it's my secret. Sir John shall never know. He trusted me with one, and now his son ——"

I stopped short there, for I recollected the paper, and fell all of a tremble, thinking of that gold plate, and that some one else knew of its hiding-place now; and I asked myself what I ought to do.

For a long time I struggled; but at last I felt that, much as I wanted to hide Mr. Barclay's cruelly mean act, I must not keep this thing a secret.

"It's my duty to tell my master," I said at last, "and I must."

So I went up to where Sir John was sitting alone, pretending to enjoy his wine, but looking very yellow and old and sunken of face.

"He's fretting about Master Barclay," I said to myself, and I felt that I could not tell him that the lad had taken my little treasures, but that he must know about the paper, so I up and told him only this at once; and that's why he said I was an old fool, and that it was all my fault.

"Good gracious! you old fool!" he cried excitedly, "what made you write such a paper? It was like telling all the whole world."

"I thought it would be so shocking, Sir John, if we were both to die and the things were forgotten."

"Shocking? Be a good job," he cried. "A man who has a lot of gold in his care is always miserable. It was taken out of your desk, you say. When?"

"Ah, that I can't tell, Sir John. It might have been done years ago, for aught I know."

"And the old gold plate all stolen and melted down, and spent. Good gracious! Burdon; and here have I been thinking you a trustworthy man. There; we must see to it at once. I shan't rest till I know it is safe."

It seemed to me then that he snatched at the chance of finding something to do to take his attention off his trouble, for when I asked him if I should get a bricklayer to come in, he turned upon me like a lion.

"Burdon," he said, "we'll get this job done, and then I shall have to make arrangements for you to go into an imbecile ward."

"Very good, Sir John," I said very patiently.

"Very good," he cried, laughing now. "There; be off, and get together what tools you have, and as soon as the servants have gone to bed, we'll go and open the old cellar ourselves."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SIGNET RING.

IT was exactly twelve o'clock by the chiming timepiece in the hall. Just the hour for such a task, I felt with a sort of shiver, as Sir John came down to the pantry, where I had candles ready, and a small crowbar used for opening packing-cases, and a screw-driver.

"Everybody seems quiet upstairs, Burdon," says Sir John, "so let's get to work at once. But, hillo! just put out a lamp!"

"No, Sir John," I said. "I often smell that now; but I've never been able to make out what it is."

"Humph! Strange," he says; and then we went straight to the cellar, the great baize door at the top of the kitchen steps being shut; and directly after we were standing on the damp sawdust with the bins of wine all round.

"It hasn't been touched, apparently, and there seems to be no need; but I should like to see if it is all right. But we shall never get through there, Burdon;" he says, looking at the bricked-up wall, across the way to the inner cellar.

"I don't know," I said, taking off my coat and rolling up my sleeves, to find that though the highest price had been paid for that bricklaying, the chest of a fellow who had the job had used hardly a bit of sand and bad lime, so that, after I had loosened one brick and levered it out, all the others came away one at a time quite clear of the mortar.

"Never mind," says Sir John. "Out of evil comes good. I'll try that sherry too, Burdon, and we'll put some fresh in its place. But if that's left twenty years, we shall never live to taste it, eh?"

I shook my head sadly as I worked away in that arch, easily reaching the top bricks, which were only six feet from the sawdust; and, as is often the case, what had seemed a terrible job proved to be so easy, that, two hours afterwards, when Sir John had made me open a bottle of the bricked-up sherry, and fill two of the cellar glasses for us to have a drop apiece, there were all the bricks in a rough pile on one side, and the sherry was in a bin, and the empty bottles stacked in a corner.

"Maybe a little foul air in the place," says Sir John; "and we'll give it a bit of time to get out. That's a very fine glass of sherry, my man," he says, taking a good long sip, "well matured. Ha! It's like the old cups and salvers turned into liquid gold."

"My service and respects to my dear old master!" I said, as I stood before him where he sat on the pile of bricks, looking all covered with mortar and sawdust on his black dress clothes, and me ten times worse, and one hand bleeding as I took a taste of the finest sherry I ever drank in my life, which is saying a deal, for Sir John would have good wine.

"Thank you, Burdon," he says in rather a husky way. "Master and man all these years; but it's getting near the end now, when all men will be the same. I beg your pardon, Burdon, my good old fellow, I called you a fool. Shake hands."

"As you have called me many a time, my dear old master," I said, as we stood there joined in a strong grip. "But I know you, sir," I said, smiling with the tears standing thick in my eyes, "yes, I know you, sir, and I don't mind."

We neither of us spoke, for it seemed as if we both felt afraid lest the other should see how weak he was.

But at last he says: "Fill up the glasses again, Burdon. Working as we have been, a good glass of wine will not hurt either you or me."

I did as he said. We drank the delicious fine old stuff slowly and solemnly; and then, after I'd put the bottle and glasses aside, I snuffed the candles.

"There," he says; "the place will be sweeter now. We'll just have a glance at the old chests, and then we must build up the empty bottles again. To-morrow, I'll order in some more wine for my son."

He said that last so solemnly that I looked up at him as he stood with the light shining in his eyes.

"He'll come back some day, sorry for the past, Sir John," I said, "and ready to do what you wish."

"Please God, Burdon!" he says, bowing his head for a bit.

Then he looked up quite sharply, and took a candle, and I the other. "Come along," he says in his old quiet, stern way; and I was half afraid I had offended him, as he stepped in at the opening and stood at the mouth of the inner cellar.

Then I heard him give a sharp sniff, and I smelt it too—that same odor of burnt oil.

We neither of us spoke as we walked over the damp black sawdust, both thinking of the likelihood of foul air being in the place; but we found we could breathe all right; and as we held up the candles, the light shone on the black-looking old chests, every one with its padlocks and seals all right, just as we had left them all those years before.

I looked up at Sir John, and he gave me a satisfied nod as he tried one of the seals, and then we both stood as if turned to stone, for from just at my feet there came a dull knocking sound, and as I looked down, I could see the black sawdust shake.

What I wanted to to do was to run, for I felt that the place was haunted; but I couldn't move, and when I looked at Sir John, he was holding up his right hand, as if to order me to be silent.

Then he held his candle down, for there was another sound, but this time more of a grinding cracking in a dull sort of way, just as if some one was forcing an iron chisel in between the joints of the stones.

Then there was a long pause, and I half thought it had been fancy; but soon after, as I stood there hardly able to breathe, the sawdust just in one place was heaved up about an inch.

I was terribly alarmed, not knowing what to think; but Sir John was brave as brave, and he signed to me not to speak, and stood watching till there was a dull cracking sound, the sawdust was heaved up again, and all at once I seemed to get a hot puff of that burnt oily smell right in my nose.

Then I began to understand, and felt afraid in a different fashion, as I knew that we had only got there just in time.

The next minute Sir John made a movement toward me, took my candle and turned it upside down, so that it went out, and then pointed back toward the outer cellar, as he put his lips to my ear:

"Iron bar!"

I stepped back softly, and got out the iron bar from where it lay on the edge of a bin, and I was about to pick up the screw-driver, when I remembered where the wooden mallet lay, and I picked up that before stepping softly back to where Sir John was watching the floor; and now I could see that the sawdust was higher in one place, as if a flagstone had been heaved up a little at one end.

There was no doubt about it, for, as I handed the crowbar, the end of the stone was wrenched up a little higher and then stuck; for it was tightly held by those on either side; but it was up far enough to let a thin ray of dull light come up through the floor and shine on the side of one of the old chests.

It was a curious scene there, in that gloomy cellar; Sir John standing on one side, candle in his left, the iron bar in his right hand, and me on his left, the iron bar in his right hand, and me bending down ready with the mallet to hit over the head the first that should come up through the floor.

For, though horribly alarmed, I could understand now what it all meant—an attempt to steal the gold in the chests, though how those who were working below had managed to get there was more than I could have said.

As he watched, the smell of the burnt oil came through, and I knew that it must have been going on for a long time.

All at once we could hear a low whispering, and then there was a grinding noise of iron against stone; the flag gritted and gave a little, but it held fast all along; and I could understand that the man who was trying to wrench it up had no room to work, and therefore no power to wrench up the stone.

Then came the faint whispering again, and it seemed to sound hollow.

Then another grinding noise, and the end of the flag was moved a trifle higher, so that the line of light on the old chest looked two or three inches broad.

I stepped softly to Sir John and put my lips to his ear as the whispering could be heard again, and I said softly: "Shall I fetch the police?"

Sir John for answer set his candle down upon the top of one of the chests and put it out with the bar as he whispered to me in turn:

"Wait a few moments." And then—"Look!"

He pointed with the iron bar; and as I stared hard at the faint light shining up from below the edge of the stone, I could see just the tips of some one's fingers come through and sweep the sawdust away to right and left.

Then they came through a little more, and were drawn back, while directly after came the low whispering again, and the hand now was thrust right through as far as the wrist.

"Yes," said Sir John then, as he grasped my arm, "the police."

Just then he utterde a gasp, and I turned to look at him; but we were in the dark, and I could not see his face, but he gripped my arm more tightly, and I looked once more toward the broad ray, to see the hand resting now full in the light, and I turned cold with horror, for there was something shining quite brightly, and I could see that it was a signet ring, and what was more, the old ring Mr. Barclay used to wear—the one he had worn since he was quite a stripling, and beyond which the joint had grown so big that he could never get the jewel off.

I should have bent down there, staring at that ring for long enough, fascinated, as you may say, only all at once I felt my arm dragged, and I was pushed softly into the outer cellar, and from there into the passage beyond, Sir John closing and locking the door softly, before tottering into the pantry and sinking into a chair, uttering a low moan.

"Oh, don't take on, sir," I whispered; but he turned upon me roughly.

"Silence, man!" he panted, "and give me time to think;" and then I heard him breathe softly, in a voice so full of agony that it was terrible to hear: "Oh, my son!—my son!"

"No, no, sir," I said—for I could not bear it. "He wouldn't; there's some mistake."

"Mistake? Then you saw it too, Burdon? No; there is no mistake."

I couldn't speak, for I remembered about the keys, and something seemed to come up in my throat and choke me, for it seemed so terrible for my young master to have done this thing.

"What are you going to do, sir?" I said at last, and it was me now who gripped his arm.

"Do?" he said bitterly. "All that is a heritage: mine to hold in trust for my son—his after my death to hold in trust for the generations to come. Burdon, it is an incubus—a curse; but I have my duty to do; that old gold shall not be wasted on a wanton——"

"What!" I panted. "You think that too?"

"Yes," he cried fiercely. "It is that wretched Jezebel who has turned my poor boy's brain!"

CHAPTER IX.

MR. BARCLAY GOES TOO FAR.

WHEN young Mr. Barclay——

Stop! How do I know all this?

Why, it was burned into my memory, and I heard every word from him.

When young Mr. Barclay left the dining-room on the night he disappeared, he went up to his own room, miserable at his position with his father, and taking to himself the blame for the unhappiness that he had brought upon the girl who loved him with all her sweet true heart.

"But it's fate—it's fate," he said, as he went up to his room; and then, unable to settle himself there, he lit a cigar, came

down, and went out just as he was dressed in his evening clothes, only that he had put on a light overcoat, and began to walk up and down in front of our house and watch the windows opposite, to try and catch a glimpse of Miss Adela.

Ten o'clock, eleven, struck, but she did not show herself at the window; and feeling quite sick at heart, he was thinking of going in again, when he suddenly heard a faint cough, about twenty yards away; and turning sharply, he saw the lady he was looking for crossing the road, having evidently just come back from some visit.

"Adela—at last," he whispered as he caught her hand.

"Mr. Drinkwater!" she cried in a startled way. "How you frightened me."

"Frightened?" he said reproachfully. "Is that all you have to say to one who has patiently watched for weeks, trying in vain to get a few words with you!"

"How absurd!" she said, as he held her hand and detained her. "What can you want?"

"You!" he said excitedly. "Don't struggle to get away. Listen to me!"

"No, no, no!" she cried in a half-frightened way. "Let me go. My sisters are waiting."

"Let you go? How can you be so cruel to me? Adela, dearest, you know I love you."

"What madness, what nonsense! Mr. Drinkwater, loose my hand!"

"Never! till you give me some hope. Adela, your looks have told me so a hundred times, have led me on to speak so plainly, you do love me, you will be my wife?"

"Impossible!" she panted as she tried to get away. "You cannot marry me."

"I can, I will!" he cried passionately. "I have given her up for your sake. I will not be driven into a marriage that would end in misery. Adela, dearest, listen to me."

"Mr. Drinkwater!"

"I can bear this no longer. You are trifling with me."

"No, no; I am perfectly serious. You must never think of me again. My sisters would——"

"Would listen to me. I'm sure they would."

"Now, Mr. Drinkwater, pray be sensible. This is very absurd, out in the open street."

"There is no one to hear us, and you refuse to grant me an interview."

"Of course," she cried. "I have told you again and again that it is impossible, and that I cannot listen to you."

"Yes," he said; "but with your beautiful mocking eyes laughing the while and bidding me come on."

"It is not true," she said, laughing. "Mr. Drinkwater, will you let me pass?"

"I will, and walk with you."

"If you please, no."

"Indeed, but I will," he cried; and he kept by her till she reached the steps. "It is not proper for a beautiful young girl to be out at eleven o'clock alone."

"Well, there; now I am at our door, so good-night, Mr. Ungallant," she said mockingly.

"No, not yet."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I've begged for an interview until I can beg no more, and now I am going to enforce it."

"Are you mad?"

"Very nearly," he said; and as she hurriedly thrust in the latchkey, he held her other hand.

"Now, will you loose my hand?" she panted excitedly. "My sisters——"

"I'm coming in to see them in a straightforward English manner," he said, for he was as obstinate now to persist as she evidently was to shake him off.

"Indeed, you are not," she cried, slipping from him and through the door; but before she could close it, he had thrust it back and stood beside her in the passage, which was feebly lit by a half-turned-down oil lamp.

"Oh, this is madness. How can you be such a fool!"

"Love makes men fools," he retorted, closing the door. "Now take me up and introduce me to your sisters."

"What—what shall I do?" she muttered. "Pray, pray, go!"

"No; I have stormed the castle now," he cried, laughingly, though he half wondered at her calling him a fool, "and mean to stay till the lovely little garrison yields at discretion."

"No, no; for your life, you must go," she cried, trying to push him toward the door. "Pray, pray, go!"

"Never! You have driven me to this by your mocking looks, so now give way and don't let's trifle any more."

She backed from him, trembling now, till she reached the dining-room into which she darted and tried to shut the door; but he was too quick, and followed her in, when she ran from him to sink sobbing into an easy chair, and in an instant he was on his knees before her.

"Adela, dearest Adela," he whispered tenderly; "forgive me all this, but——"

"Adela, is that you? Here, for goodness sake. Why don't you answer?"

"Is she there?"

The first was a rough man's voice, the next that of a woman, and as they were heard in the passage, another voice cried very hoarse:

"It's of no use; the game's up."

"Hist! Hide! Behind that curtain! Anywhere!" panted Adela, starting up in alarm. "Too late!"

Barclay had sprung to his feet, and stood staring in amazement, and perfectly heedless of the girl's appeal to him to hide, as two rough bricklayer-like men came in, followed by a woman.

"It's caved in, and Ned is hurt," cried the first man loudly; and then: "Who's this?"

"What? No, no, no!" cried Adela wildly. "Don't say he's hurt."

"Here, who's this?" said the first man again. "Oh, it's you, is it?"

"Trapped!" muttered Barclay Drinkwater, as without fully understanding his position, he realized the fact that there was something peculiarly wrong in the place into which he had forced himself; and his first act now was to make for the door; but it was blocked by the two men, while the oldish woman who had entered with them gazed at him viciously.

"Stand where you are!" said the first of the men. "How comes he here, my dear Adela?"

"I could not help it, Tom. He forced his way in. It's all a mistake. It's Mr. ——"

"Oh, I know who it is well enough," said the man savagely. "Forced his way in? Very well. He wouldn't come here unless he wanted to stop, and stop he certainly shall."

"Let me pass," said Mr. Barclay very sternly.

"Not me," said the man, with an ominous look.

"Yes, yes; let him go," cried the girl. "I will explain all to Ned. And you all stand there, and do not come to his help."

"Ten minutes more or less won't hurt, my girl," cried the man.

"Will you let me pass?" cried Mr. Barclay. "Miss Mimprise, I beg your pardon for this intrusion. Forgive me, and good-night."

One man gave the other a quick look, and as Mr. Barclay tried to pass, they closed with him, and, in spite of his struggles, bore him back from the door.

The next moment, though, he recovered his lost ground, and would have shaken himself free, but the sour-looking woman who had entered with the two men watched her opportunity, got behind, flung her arms about the young man's neck, and he was dragged heavily to the floor, where, as he lay half stunned, he saw Adela gazing at him with her brows knit; and then, without a word of protest, she hurried from the room.

Mr. Barclay heaved himself up, and tried to rise; but one of his adversaries sat upon his chest while the other bound him hand and foot, an attempt at shouting for help being met by a pocket-handkerchief thrust into his mouth.

A minute later, as Mr. Barclay lay starting wildly, the rough woman, whom he recalled now as one of the servants, and who had hurried from the room, returned, helping Adela to support a pallid-looking man, whose hands, face, and rough working clothes were daubed with clayey soil.

"Confound you! why didn't you bring down the brandy?" he said harshly. "Gently, girls, gently. That's better. I'm half crushed. Who's that?"

"Visitor," said one of Mr. Barclay's captors sourly. "What's to be done?"

Mr. Barclay looked wildly from one to the other, asking himself whether all this was some dream.

Who were these men? Where were the elderly Misses Mimprise?

And what was the meaning of Adela Mimprise being on such terms with the injured man, who looked as if he had been working in some mine?

Their eyes met once, but she turned hers away directly, and held a glass of brandy to the injured man's lips.

"That's better," he said. "I can talk now. I thought I was going to be smothered once. Well, lads, the game's up."

"Why?" said one of the others very sharply.

"Because it is. You won't catch me there again if I know it; and here's private inquiry at work from over the way."

"Hold your tongue," said the first man of the party. "There; he can't help himself now. You watch him, Bell; and if he moves, give warning."

The rough woman seated herself beside Mr. Barclay and watched him quite fiercely.

The two men crossed over to their companion; while Adela, still looking cold and angry, with brow wrinkled up, drew back to stand against the table and listen.

The men spoke in a low tone; but Mr. Barclay caught a word now and then, from which he gathered that, while the man who had in some way been hurt was for giving up, the other two angrily declared that a short time would finish it now, and that they would go on with it at all hazards.

"And what will you do with him?" said the injured man grimly.

Mr. Barclay could not help looking sharply at Adela, who just then met his eye, but it was with a look more of curiosity than anything else; and as she realized that he was gazing at her reproachfully, she turned away and watched the three men.

"Very well," said the one who was hurt, "I wash my hands of what may follow."

"All right."

Mr. Barclay turned cold as he wondered what was to happen next.

He saw plainly enough now that the house had been let to a gang of men engaged upon some nefarious practice, but what it was he could not guess.

Coining seemed to be the most likely thing; but from what he had heard and read, these men did not look like real coiners.

Then a curious feeling of rage filled him, and the blood rushed to his brain as he lay reproaching himself for his folly.

He had been attracted by this woman, who was evidently thoroughly in league with the man who spoke to her in a way which sent a jealous shudder through him, while the sisters of whom he had once or twice caught a glimpse, seemed to be absent, unless——

The thought which occurred to him seemed to be so wild that he drove it away, and lay waiting for what was to come next.

"Be off, girls!" said the first man suddenly; and without a word, the two women present left the room, Adela not so much as casting a glance in the direction of the prisoner.

The three men whispered together for a few moments, and then Mr. Barclay made an effort to get up, but it was useless, for the first two seized him between them, all bound as he was, and dragged him out of the room, along the passage, and down the stone steps to the basement, where they thrust him into the wine-cellar, and half dragged him across there into the inner cellar, the house on that side being exactly the same in construction as ours.

"Fetch a light," said one of them; and this was done, when the speaker bent down and dragged the handkerchief from the prisoner's mouth.

"You scoundrel!" cried Mr. Barclay fiercely.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, my fine fellow," he said.

"You shall suffer for this," retorted Mr. Barclay.

"P'r'aps so. But now, listen. If you like to shout, you can do so, only I tell you the truth; no one can hear you when you're shut in here; and if you do keep on making a noise, one of us may be tempted to come and silence you."

"What do you want?—Money?"

"You to hold your tongue and be quiet. You behave yourself, and no harm shall come to you; but I warn you that if you attempt any games, look out, for you've desperate men to deal with. Now, then, will you take it coolly?"

"Tell me first what this means," said Mr. Barclay.

"I shall tell you nothing. I only say this—will you take it coolly, and do what we want?"

"I cannot help myself," says Mr. Barclay.

"That's spoken like a sensible lad," says the second man. "Now, look here; you've got to stop for some days, perhaps, and you shall have enough to eat, and blankets to keep you warm."

"But, stop here—in this empty cellar?"

"That's it, till we let you go. If you behave yourself, you shan't be hurt. If you don't behave yourself, you may get an ugly crack on the head to silence you. Now, then: will you be quiet?"

"I tell you again, that I cannot help myself."

"Shall I undo his hands?" said one to the other.

"Yes; you can loosen them."

This was done, and directly after Mr. Barclay sat thinking in the darkness, alone with as unpleasant thoughts as a man could have for company.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT COMMON SALT.—Salt is a very common article, for the ocean holds in solution an immense quantity of it. How strange it is that though salt water is not fit to drink, salt is necessary to health and life. Have you ever eaten bread in which no salt had been put? If so, you know how tasteless it is. Salt is saline, soluble, granular, sparkling hard and white. We say: "As white as snow." We might say, as white as salt. Chemistry tells us that salt is chloride of sodium. Two elements embrace or absorb each other, and the result is salt, a compound unlike the chloride and sodium which compose it.

It crystallizes in the form of cubes which dissolve in two and seven-tenth times their weight of water either hot or cold. There are several kinds of salt. Rock salt is dug from mines in the earth. In Austria there is an immense mine in which is a chapel. In our country it is chiefly obtained from springs and wells of water. The most important salt works are near Syracuse in the State of New York. Coarse salt is made by evaporating the water in shallow vats by the heat of the sun. Fine, or table salt is made by boiling the brine in large iron kettles. Sea salt is made from the ocean water.

It has a bitter taste from other salts which are also in the water. Sea water contains one-thirtieth its weight of salt. Plants contain a small quantity of it, so it is applied to the soil to promote their growth. All our children know that salt seasons food and preserves meat and fish. It has another use, namely, glazing earthenware. Animals require salt the same as human beings, and nature has provided salt licks for wild animals. The dumb creatures know where to find these salty places and resort there to lick it up.

It is calculated that a person consumes sixteen pounds of salt every year, or about five ounces a week. Some one has calculated that the salt in the ocean if separated would make a solid stratum over the bed of the ocean 140 feet thick. There are many salt lakes in the world. The Caspian Sea is the largest, being four times as large as Lake Superior. Great Salt Lake in Utah is the largest salt lake in the United States. Now, when you use salt, remember what a valuable article it is.

A MOMENT of time is too precious to waste.

Scientific and Useful.

STEEL.—It has been said that a finely polished lusterless surface can be produced in steel by rubbing, after tempering, on a smooth iron surface with some ground oil-stone till it is perfectly smooth and even, after which it should be laid on a sheet of paper and rubbed backward and forward till it acquires a fine dead polish.

EXPLOSIVES.—The power of various explosives has been calculated to be equivalent to the following pressures, the figures giving tons per square inch: Emmensite, a new explosive for which important advantages are claimed in addition to its great power, 283; nitro-glycerine, 264; explosive gelatine, 253; forwite, 250; oxomite, 249; panclastite, 203; gun cotton, 198; dynamite, 144; atlas, 133; rackarock, 117; roburite, 24, and blasting gunpowder, 23.

THE MOON.—The influence of the moon upon vegetation is an interesting problem awaiting solution. A recent writer upon the subject mentions that wood-cutters in Cape Colony and in India insist that timber is full of sap and unfit to be cut at full moon. Another observation of lunar influence in Cape Colony is the rapid spoiling of meats and other provisions when exposed to moonlight, though this may be due to the fact that the light serves as a guide to insects.

PASTE.—Paper-hanger's paste is best made by first heating the water to boiling, then adding flour, stirring constantly to prevent the formation of lumps. The flour may be passed through a sieve, so as to insure it a more equal distribution. Agitation must be continued until the heat shall have rendered the mass of the desired consistency, and after a few moments' further boiling it will be ready for use. In order to increase its strength, powdered resin in proportion of one-sixth to one-fourth of the weight of the flour should be added. To prevent its souring oil of cloves or a few drops of carbolic acid should be added.

IRON UTENSILS.—Iron pots and utensils can easily be mended by using the following preparation: Take two parts of sulphur and one part (by weight) of fine black lead; put the sulphur in an old iron pan, holding it over the fire until it shall begin to melt, then add the lead, stir well until all shall be mixed and melted; then pour out on an iron plate or smooth stone. When cool break into small pieces. A sufficient quantity of this compound being placed upon the crack of the iron pot to be mended can be soldered by a hot iron in the same way a tinsmith solders his sheets. If there be a small hole in the pot drive a copper rivet in it, and then solder over it with this cement.

Farm and Garden.

DISEASE.—Fire is the best preventive of disease in orchards and vineyards. If all the old wood be piled up and burned it will greatly lessen disease and insect attacks. It should be done early in the season.

WINTER AND SUMMER.—Wood cut down in winter is considered more durable than that felled in summer. In many countries the forest-laws enjoin the felling of trees only between November 15 and February 15.

FERTILIZERS.—Study well the fertilizer question. Learn as thoroughly as possible the relation of the chemicals contained in the soils to the different crops; compare notes, and supply the soil with the nutritive properties taken from it by cropping.

FEEDING PLANTS.—The minute particles of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash are as truly food for the plant as is the beef or the bread food for the body. We may, therefore, as properly speak of feeding the plant as of feeding our animals. Neither can grow without a supply of the material to make the growth of.

LIME OR ASHES.—It will not injure manure if lime or ashes be mixed with it at the time of application to the land, as the rains will carry down the matter into the soil, which absorbs the gases, but to add lime or ashes to the manure when it is in the heap will cause a loss of ammonia, owing to the chemical action of the lime or ashes on the manure.

WINDMILLS.—The utility of windmills on the farms is now very generally recognized, and they are seen dotting hundreds of farms where five years ago none were to be found. A Western farmer writes that with his windmill he grinds all kinds of feed, makes a good article of corn-meal and Graham flour, shells corn, runs a feed-cutter and a 29-inch wood saw.

SPACE.—If your space be limited thin out the flock. If they should crowd on the roost, give more roosting-room. An essential point in poultry management is to have the birds comfortable at night. They need rest and recuperation as much as animals, and if too closely crowded the effects will be shown in fewer eggs and greater liability to disease.

SOMETHING NEEDED.—Although the dairymen are gradually becoming educated to a knowledge of the advantages of pure-bred dairy stock, yet many of them require training in the art of making butter. To learn to make "gilt-edge" butter is equivalent to learning a trade, and millions of dollars are annually lost to our dairymen through imperfect knowledge in making butter. In Europe schools of instruction are rapidly increasing, and there is a necessity for something of the kind in this country.

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Friends and Friendship.

The state of intimacy which implies the term friendship is the outcome of familiar association between two persons, and the process of its formation is necessarily somewhat slow, as undue haste in these matters frequently brings to an end the dawning regard that might have ripened into a warmer feeling had there been less precipitancy.

Hasty judgments of the characters of others are apt to prove erroneous, and one requires a more than cursory knowledge of a person's nature and qualities before forming a friendship; besides, the small number of friends one possesses renders it expedient that they should be well chosen, and carefully, too, with a view to perpetuate the attachment if possible, and at all events one should select those whose after secession would be highly improbable.

Friendship is a positive necessity to human beings, for possessing it they have an additional interest in life, and are sure of receiving sympathy from one quarter and enjoying mutually agreeable companionship, while in the prospect of meeting there is always something to look forward to.

People may think alike on a variety of subjects and yet have different tastes; but the things that are essential to friendship, and without which it cannot exist, are sympathy in all conditions, for that is always acceptable and generally appreciated; patience, when its exercise is required; toleration, for the things one's friend take a different view of; tact, not to revert to past occurences the mention of which is undesired; and besides, and above all these, a sincere enduring affection.

There is always something to be learned from everyone, and frequently those whom we would previously have considered the most unlikely people to do so, teach us much regarding patience, long-suffering and strength of will rightly exercised, that, if we were ever similarly situated, we could not do better than copy.

Absence is a great test of friendship—more particularly in cases when it exceeds the period originally specified; it is not that one is inconstant, but when agreeable people are present one naturally associates with them, and this can easily be done without the slightest disloyalty to the absent; and if one did not make use of such opportunities one would not make friends at all, and it is always advisable to have more than one friend, so that in the event of backslidings there is at least one other to fall back upon. Besides, it is quite possible to have several friends, provided one does not displace old ones for new, for there are degrees in friendship as in everything else.

Marriage is a great disturber of preconceived friendships. Letter-writing, too, though forming to a certain extent a bond of union, is a very unsatisfactory substitute for conversation, and a correspondence, however regular at its commencement, does not flourish equally well a few months after its institution, at least not on both sides.

Freedom of speech is one of the privileges of friendship, and plain speaking may always be expected, for one has to endure it at all events; certainly it lets us "see ourselves as others see us," and, next to one's relatives, commend us to one's greatest friends for undiluted frankness. They seldom underrate one's faults, and for criticism on any impulsive action or hasty expression one can safely count on a sweeping condemnation of the same, delivered with the charming candor peculiar to one's friends. Not that this is undesirable, on the contrary, when there is justice in their remarks it is often beneficial, and there is always the satisfaction of retaliation sooner or later.

Depend upon it, we should all be badly off without the happiness of friendship characterized by mutual affection and general reciprocity, and one real friend is worth a hundred would-be disinterested acquaintances.

Among the practical moralities of life the habit of prompt decision should hold no mean rank. But few persons fully appreciate how much saving of time, how much personal comfort, how much actual success and happiness is involved in it; indeed it is chiefly through the evil effects of its neglect that we estimate its value. It is not uncommon to meet with people who seem to be nearly destitute of this quality. On the most trivial question they will pause to consider and to make qualifications. Two different courses are open to them, and they spend so much time in comparing them that they can follow neither to advantage. Those who value their time cannot waste it in waiting for them, and, after much delay and irritation, they leave such indecisives to themselves. In fact, their whole lives seem to be a series of waverings that end in no definite result except disappointment and inaction.

Some of the best things in life can be stored up only by the generosity which gives, asking for nothing again. Such are warm affections, kind feelings, benevolent dispositions. Every service willingly rendered, every help gladly given, every effort to encourage the disheartened, to teach the ignorant, to lift the fallen, not only perform their intended work, but even more surely react upon the doer. They may or may not bring him the love, respect and gratitude of those he befriends, but they will infallibly bring brightness and sweetness into his own heart, increasing his desire and strengthening his power to do good, and storing up within him those dispositions which cannot fail to bless him while enabling him to bless others.

It is a common thing to speak of the education of work, but few people recognize how much education there is in play. Nearly all the progress of a young child comes through this medium, and certainly more is learned during one of the very earliest years than in any subsequent one. Yet all through life this influence continues. While the primary purpose of recreation is rest and refreshment, it has also the power of developing the intellect, improving the taste, cultivating the judgment, and strengthening the character; and those who know how to invoke this power will never regard the amusement of life as a frivolous or indifferent subject.

Some men fill the air with their strength and sweetness as the orchards in October days fill the air with the odor of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own house like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a blessing it is to hold the gifts of the soul that they shall be music to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power we have within us the breath of other men's joy, to fill the atmosphere which they must stand in with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves.

It is common for men and women to put themselves into situations where their virtue may be sorely tried, relying on their own firmness of will to carry them safely through. Knowing not their own strength nor that of the influence they draw upon them, it is not strange that they should find that they have over-estimated the one and under-estimated the other, and that some disaster which they could have averted has overtaken them.

The world cannot afford to damn its sinners, nor will it be saved without their help. Humanity is one, and not till Lazarus is cured of his sores will Dives be safe. Whoever will thrust Magdalen into the pit will find that he has dropped with her into the flames the key that should have opened heaven for him, and assuredly shall he remain outside until she, her purification completed, shall take pity on him and bring it thence.

Hope is built upon faith, desire upon caprice. The former is almost always calm and steady, moderate and reasonable; the latter is often impulsive and unsettled, extravagant and unreasonable—for desire, with its present longings, anticipates only a momentary gratification; while hope, with its moral bearings, looks forward to some permanent good.

The path of truth is a plain and safe path; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare.

Good nature, benevolence and consideration should always have a place in our intercourse with others. Never laugh at people, or turn them into ridicule, or show an exclusive preference for the more youthful or attractive to the neglect of those who are older and of greater importance.

False economy: Living cheaply so that you can dress well; going to law about anything you can compromise; to employ a botch because he does not charge much; sitting in the twilight doing nothing in order to save oil; buying things you do not want just because they are cheap.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

He whose heart overflows with love and sympathy will always find abundant resources for his spare time. The means of doing good and of scattering happiness are so plentiful and so varied that those who find pleasure in them will of necessity be busy and happy.

Sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labor of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words.

Many men want wealth—not a competence alone, but a five-story competence. Everything subserves this; and religion they would like as a sort of lightning-rod to their houses, to ward off by and by the bolts of Divine wrath.

We may teach rules of right conduct, and explain clearly their reasons and foundations, but unless we can stimulate the moral sense of a man to voluntary exercise, we cannot hope to form or reform character.

True courage includes, necessitates indeed, the idea of counting the cost. The danger must be seen, appreciated, weighed and confronted before the successful combatant can earn the true praise of his action.

It is not isolated great deeds which do most to form a character, but small conterminous acts touching and blending into one another. The greenness of a field comes not from trees, but from blades of grass.

Gross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent; for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.

The World's Happenings.

They are making church organs now so that they can be played by electricity.

A couple married in Boston measures 3 feet, and 3 feet 4 inches respectively.

Mr. Guitar is the name of a dealer in musical instruments at Carrollton, Mo.

The Prince of Wales is just under five feet seven inches in height. He weighs 220 pounds.

The London firemen are to follow their French colleagues in being dressed in asbestos cloth.

On the strength of a dream a will was contested recently in one of the largest Western cities.

There are more cats in Paris in proportion to population than in any other city in the world.

A Russian law forbids the use of exclamation points in newspaper articles in that country.

A Paterson, N. J., woman who is missing, and is supposed to have eloped, took along her 3 children.

A man at Garden City, Kan., has a herd of thirty-five bisons, thoroughly domesticated, docile and thriving.

Baby King Alphonso XIII is suffering from epilepsy, an hereditary disease in his mother's family, the Hapsburgs.

An old gentleman, residing in Marion county, Indiana, has just entered the matrimonial state for the seventh time.

An eccentric farmer in Durham, Conn., shows his fondness for one of his horses by clothing its hind legs with trousers.

The Parisian women have at last revolted. A league for public morals has been formed to suppress impure literature.

A sheet of manila paper six miles in length and five feet wide was made without a break at an Athens, Ga., paper mill.

An exchange remarks, in announcing the organization of a coffin trust, that this "is running the thing into the ground."

A bird's nest recently found near Soleure, Switzerland, was made entirely of the imperfect watch-springs thrown out from the shops.

The City Council of Leavenworth, Kan., has adopted an ordinance raising the license for practicing Christian science, or faith cure, to $500.

A New Lenox (Ill.) boy has two immense Cochin China roosters which he hitches to a small wagon and compels them to draw him about.

A New York man is endeavoring to preserve all printed references to President Cleveland which he made in the papers. Already he has over 40,000 scraps.

Missouri furnished two cases within a week of one brother accidentally shooting another, and the revolver that wasn't "loaded" did the damage in both cases.

Evangelist Wolie jumped up and cracked his heels together in the pulpit at Lancaster, Wis., last Sunday night and exclaimed: "Oh, how I do love to worry the devil!"

William Brown, an army veteran, went into a barber shop at Albuquerque, N. M., while he was on a debauch, and, wrapping himself in an American flag, laid down and died.

Tradition relates that a clock in the tower of St. Quentin's Church, Mayence, Germany, which has just been repaired, has ticked on serenely without interruption for 300 years.

The editor of a Griggs county, Dak., paper calls attention to the fact that Griggs county contains room enough to seat at one time the entire population of the globe in arm-chairs.

An industrious burglar who has been arrested in San Francisco complains that his burglaries in that city "have averaged only two a night." He asserts that a good average would have been 3 or 4.

The postmaster at Leola, Wis., it is chronicled, gets nearly as much for carrying the mail from Hancock to Leola as his salary for keeping the postoffice, which amount, for last quarter, was 4 cents less than expenses.

An Atlanta, Ga., military organization, the Zouaves, whose name through an inadvertence appears in the new local directory among the "colored companies," have become so incensed thereat that they threaten suit for damages.

While sitting up one night with his sick wife, William Hambly, of Akron, Ohio, went to sleep in his chair, and falling forward to the floor struck his head on a nail in a boot-jack, injuring himself so severely that at last accounts his condition was precarious.

An artificial limb maker in a neighboring city, who was interviewed recently, said that "after the war it was thought that the wooden arm and leg business was at an end, but the locomotive and labor-saving machinery have continued to create augmented demands."

A farmer in Washington county, Illinois, thinking to increase the weight of a number of hogs he was about to take to market, gave them all the salt water they would drink. Fourteen of them died on the way to town, or before they could be weighed, and the tricky farmer's net loss was about $150.

Among the correspondence of a local professor of dentistry there came recently a rather odd inquiry from a Western member of the profession. He is about to open an office, and asked the price of a bushel of old teeth, which he intends placing on exhibition at his place to impress a credulous public with "his ability" at extracting.

A novel method of getting rid of an obnoxious tenant has been successfully tried in Boone, Iowa. A man named Smith had rented a house to another named Hallock. Smith afterwards wanted Hallock to vacate, but the latter would not, whereupon Smith had the doors and windows taken out of the house. That night the weather became very cold, and Hallock moved out.

MOTHER EARTH.

BY J. CASSELL.

Sped time and harvest she doth bring,
After the winter's ice and snow;
She sets her hills to blossoming,
And bids the streams with music flow;
Her great heart loves the little flower
That breaks within the morning breeze,
As well as giant oaks that tower
Gray with the moss of centuries.

Her joys are not unmixed with pain;
She mourns her weary children's woes,
Yet stayeth in the summer rain,
And in the wind that comes and goes;
Yields her broad acres free as air
That all who labor may be blest,
And at the last with loving care
Takes the poor ashes to her breast
And lulls us to the dreamless rest.

In Hummelstein.

BY S. B. GOULD.

ABOUT two miles to the south-east of Nurnberg, Germany, on a height, stands the old feudal castle of Hummelstein. The road to Ratisbon runs at no great distance from it, through a forest that belongs to the city, and supplies the citizens with their winter fuel. The hill on which the castle is planted is not precipitous, it rises with an easy sweep to where an artificial moat or chasm has been cut in the rock, and this is spanned by a wooden bridge. On crossing this bridge we reach the gate into the castle court, commanded by two mediæval towers, with slots for windows, through which the archers and arquebusiers of old discharged their weapons against an enemy attempting to cross the moat.

The main buildings of the castle in 1828 were not dismantled, but were occupied in summer by the family of a Nurnberg merchant who had bought the castle and turned it into a country residence.

The gate towers, however, were given up to poor people to inhabit free of rent; but then no one who could afford to pay a rent would consent to live in such wretched, cold, and crumbling habitations.

The doors of these towers opened into the little court, as did also the only tolerable windows that gave light to the vaults rather than chambers on the ground-floor of the towers.

In one of these lived a poor crippled widow, aged nearly seventy, named Barbara Eribach, with her deaf and dumb brother Freitag, who, however, died at the end of May, and was buried on the 28th of that month in the neighboring parish churchyard Gibitzenhof. Old Barbara's lodging was reached by a low door which gave admission to a tiny kitchen, which was traversed to reach the room where she slept and ate.

In this was a brick oven or stove, and beside it a rude bed on which she lay, warmed in winter by the tiles of the stove. Barbara was afflicted with bad legs, so that she was incapable of leaving her bed unassisted, or of walking.

The tower door had a hole cut in it, large enough for the insertion of a hand; and through this a neighbor put her hand every morning, to reach the hasp and raise it to admit her into the dwelling, where she charitably helped the old cripple to rise, and then carried her down to the high road, where she sat begging all day. Over this hole was a piece of board fastened by a screw, and to open it the board was turned on the screw, and was closed in similar manner.

The upper portion of the tower was completely uninhabited and quite desolate given up to owls, bats, and jackdaws.

In the second tower, as ruinous and wretched as the first, lived two other poor women—a widow Hirschman and her daughter Elizabeth. Their door also opened into the court.

Another woman inhabited the castle; she was called Heid. She looked after the cows that belows to the gentleman who owned the place, drove them to pasture, milked them, and cleaned their stalls. She did not occupy one of the gate towers, but an apartment in another small tower at an angle.

She kept the key of the castle. She was a hearty woman, past the middle age, with a kind heart.

She it was who daily attended to poor Barbara.

John Freitag, the deaf and dumb man, had suffered all the winter from pulmonary complaint, and had died of it on May 25. Both brother and sister had been maintained out of the parish poor-box and the trifling alms given travellers along the Ratisbon road. It would be hard to find poorer persons anywhere, and yet these poor creatures had stinted themselves in their daily food to lay by a little money to pay into a Nurnberg burial club, to ensure for themselves respectable funerals.

They lived in abject poverty, but they would be laid in their last rest with some pomp.

Accordingly, on May 28, a funeral procession left the miserable lodging in the ruined tower, with scarfs and black banners, and all the circumstance of a better-class burial.

The poor crippled woman crawled from her door upon the wooden bridge, and watched with pride and admiration the train of mourners sweep down the hill, transporting her poor brother to his final lodging. The tears ran down her cheeks, and she exclaimed to Heid:

"Ah, how beautiful! How grand! I should like to die to-night, and be buried in the same splendor to-morrow."

An inventory was taken of the goods of the deceased man, and they were valued at eleven shillings. It may, however, be doubted whether, if sold, they would have realized this sum.

The night after the funeral was still, and the sky clear. The moon shone brilliantly, plating the old towers with silver, and filling the castle moat with light.

The four women who inhabited the fortress slept. Not a man lived in the old walls when the owner was away—evidence that no one entertained fears of burglary. Suddenly—about 2 o'clock in the morning—the woman Heid woke, and woke with a start.

She heard a heavy tread on the drawbridge. She sprang from her bed, threw her gown over her, and ran out.

The castle gate stood open night and day. As she issued from her door she saw a figure pass out of the shadow of the gateway, and catch the moonlight for a moment in the yard, then disappear in one of the towers.

She was greatly frightened. She fancied that the dead man had returned by night to visit his sister.

Terrified with this thought, Heid retreated to her room, and seated herself on her bed. Then she crept to her window that commanded the court, and again she saw the figure.

She had a little battle with her fears. She was a conscientious woman, and believed that it was her duty to investigate the matter, as she was responsible to the master for the castle and its contents. So she went again to the door.

When she reached it the figure was gone. She plucked up courage to cross the quadrangle and enter the gateway. She ensconced herself in its shadow, and almost immediately again perceived the figure, which passed rapidly across from one tower to the other.

The moon shone on it, and she was then convinced it was not the dead Freitag. She even thought she recognized who this night wanderer was.

Then she heard a noise which she afterwards described as a "thunder and disturbance" in the dwelling of old Barbara Eribach.

She stood where she was, in doubt what to do, when again she saw the figure emerge into the light and come under the gateway where she was. She backed from it towards the drawbridge, and then the figure emerged into the full flood of moonlight. Whereupon she exclaimed, "What are you?"

The man started and stood still, thus allowing her to see his face distinctly. The light was bright as day.

"What have you been doing?" she further asked.

Then he replied, "I have been after Marx: he tried to smother the widow Hirschman. He thrust his hand into her mouth."

"That is a lie," replied the woman. "You have come from old Barbara's lodging, not from that of the Hirschmans."

He replied indistinctly with a growl, and made a rush past her.

"It is a shame!" she shouted after him. "You have been trying to scare us old women with thinking you were John Freitag come back from the grave."

The good woman now returned to her bed, she was relieved of her alarm. She had not seen a ghost, she had seen a young tailor of Gibitzenhof, who had come to play a wicked practical joke on the defenceless, harmless inhabitants of the castle.

Satisfied with this solution of the apparition, she fell asleep and was not further disturbed.

That same night the widow Hirschman and her daughter were in bed together, when about 2 o'clock, the mother was roused by hearing the tower door opened, and this followed by heavy steps.

She touched and roused her daughter, and both saw a man cross the beam of moonlight that shone in at the widow. Not only so, but he moved to a spot where the moon shone on his face, and both recognized him as a tailor's apprentice at Gibitzenhof.

After standing for a minute, looking at the two frightened women, he went out of their room and tower, and the widow was just about to leave her bed and endeavor to barricade the door, when it reopened, and again the same man re-entered her miserable lodging.

Without uttering a word, he came direct to the widow, thrust his fingers into her mouth to prevent her from screaming, and with the other hand clenched her throat and endeavored to strangle her.

He would probably have effected his purpose, had not the daughter, Elizabeth, attacked him from behind.

Then he let go his hold, and without a word went away as he had come.

The girl now asked her mother if she were much hurt, and then whether she recognized the mysterious visitor. But they had not exchanged more than a few sentences in a whisper, when for the third time the tower door opened, and the same man returned.

This time he came not as a silent and ghostly walker, nor as a burglar, but as a jovial, well-disposed visitor, who drops in on a Sunday afternoon, or on a winter evening for a neighborly chat.

The strange visitor entered with a cheerful salutation, seated himself on the foot of the bed, in which shivered the two frightened women, and began the conversation with the strange remark:—

"Well, widow, I have listened to your story, and I cannot for the life of me understand how you can have supposed that I desired to do you an injury. You are mistaken, Marx has run away from me! We have been drinking together. Have you seen him? I suspect he has been here, and I want to find him. Give me a light, that I may search for him. Perhaps he is hiding in a corner, or in the kitchen, or under the bed!"

That was not at a time when lucifer matches were invented, and to obtain a light was not an instantaneous matter. The two women declined to leave their bed to strike a light for the man.

However, he did not press the matter, but broke off with the remark: "Old Barbara Eribach must have a good deal of money, or she could not have given her brother so grand a funeral. She cannot have spent everything she had on the burial."

Mother and daughter, uneasy, and anxious to be rid of their visitor, answered that they knew nothing about Barbara's circumstances.

"Well," said he rising, "say nothing about this visit I have paid you."

The two women promised silence. Whereupon he left their chamber, and as he went out carefully fastened the tower door behind him.

They listened to his retreating steps on the pavement of the castle yard, then laid their heads on their pillows and went to sleep, nor were they further disturbed.

As soon as day broke, the woman Heid rose and went into the cowstall, where she milked, and having taken her pans to the dairy, and lighted her fire, she crossed the court to the door of old Barbara, to discharge her daily kindly office to the poor cripple.

She raised the flap in the door, put in her hand, turned the key inside, and entered the kitchen.

The first thing that arrested her attention was some small coins strewn on the floor.

"Why, Barbara!" she said, "you are lavish and careless with your money."

She went on into the next room, and saw the cripple lying dead on the floor. She immediately concluded that the poor creature had died of an apoplectic stroke, and she ran off into the village to tell the burgomaster, and ask that a surgeon might be summoned from Nurnberg to bleed Barbara and recover her, if not too late.

The burgomaster at once sent off a man on a horse, and then ascended the hill with an assistant to see what could be done.

The state of the room and the body showed that during the night the old beggar woman had been strangled.

She had been lying on her bed by the stove, but had been dragged off it; drawing with her some of the wretched bedcoverings, and in so doing had upset a spinning-wheel that stood beside the bed. In the oven was an iron door that opened into a hot chamber, about two feet square, in which Barbara kept her wooden money-box.

The door was open, the box broken, and the earthern floor was strewn with small coins, eleven Austrian twenty-five kreutzer pieces, one twelve kreutzer piece, and some smaller coins.

Another money-box was found, shaped like an egg, which had not been meddled with; it contained only a few coins, and they of the smallest value.

The dead woman lay in a crouching position, her feet drawn up, her right hand on her breast, the left clinging to the bed-post.

There were distinct marks of a man's fingers about the throat, and on the breast was the imprint of a boot shod with nails. The murderer had trodden on the wretched creature, and throttled her whilst so holding her.

Barbara Eribach had been a small woman, with grey hair, pale blue eyes, a hawk-like nose; she had lost all her teeth but one, and her brow was covered with wrinkles.

That she had been murdered was unquestionable, but for what motive was not clear.

He who had entered her den had certainly opened her money-box, but he had emptied its contents on the floor. It was hardly possible that Barbara could have possessed more money than that now found scattered about the room.

Moreover, Barbara Eribach's dwelling was about the last likely to invite a housebreaker; she was the poorest person in the village, absolutely deficient in means other than what she obtained by begging, and the trifle she obtained out of the parish-box.

It was, however, certain that the murderer had taken her money, and that he had not carried it away with him.

Why had he not done so? Had he been disturbed whilst about his work? If so, by whom?

Now the woman Heid, and widow Hirschman and her daughter, came forward and narrated the circumstances of the preceding night.

Moreover, Elizabeth Hirschman declared that a few years before, the same man, Erard Engelhard, tailor's man at Gibitzenhof, who had attempted to strangle her mother on the night past, had nearly strangled her, had clutched her throat, and had only desisted when the blood came from her nose and mouth.

The village of Gibitzenhof was under the jurisdiction of the magistrates of Nurnberg, and they now investigated the extraordinary events of the night of May 28–29, as given by the testimony of the three women, Heid, Hirschman, and her daughter Elizabeth.

Orders were at once issued for the arrest of the man suspected of the murder. Immediately a young fellow called Henry Marx gave himself up to the gensdarmes, because he had heard that his name was mixed up in the matter.

He protested his innocence, and his readiness to tell all he knew of his own and Engelhard's proceedings during that night.

Erard Engelhard, aged twenty-seven years, was the son of a widow; his father, who had been a tailor, died when he was only seven years old.

His mother continued the business of tailor after her husband's death, hiring workmen.

As soon as her son was old enough to be of assistance she had endeavored to make him manage the business, but he was too lazy and unreliable for this, and she was obliged to hire a foreman, and allow her son wages for his work under the foreman. This foreman was Michael Freitag, nephew of old Barbara and her deaf and dumb brother, a steady painstaking workman, who had often to reprove Engelhard for his negligence and the bad quality of his work.

Engelhard was not an unpopular young fellow in the village. He had his weaknesses, he was idle and fond of the tavern, but good-natured, kind-hearted, and harmless.

Only one of all the witnesses called to give evidence as to character said that he conceived it possible that Engelhard might commit a murder; all the rest declared that they knew no more harm of him than dislike of work and love of beer.

Engelhard was arrested at his mother's house whilst engaged in his trade and talking to Freitag, who could not believe in the guilt of his mistress's son.

When arrested, Engelhard did not seem to be alarmed.

He made no resistance, but protested his innocence.

"He had heard of the death of Barbara Eribach, and some said she had been murdered. He knew nothing about it."

He was examined by the investigating magistrate, a functionary whose duty it is to endeavor to extort a confession from the accused. Engelhard made a favorable impression on this magistrate by the apparent frankness with which he met his examination.

He had been with Marx at a tavern drinking till just after midnight. Then he and Marx had left together.

The latter, feeling tired, and somewhat upset with the beer he had been drinking, had thrown himself down on a heap of straw. Engelhard had gone on his way, then had returned to the straw-heap to persuade his friend to come on with him, but Marx had disappeared.

Engelhard then suspected that Marx had pretended his disinclination to go farther so as to be rid of him, because he wanted to go to Hummelstein and see Elizabeth Hirschman, who was his sweetheart.

Engelhard was vexed at this trick, and ran up to the castle to look for his friend. He even opened the door of the tower where the Hirschmans lived and went in, but did not see Marx, because the Hirschmans had not given him a light wherewith to search for him.

As he did not find him he returned. On the bridge over the moat he saw the woman Heid.

If she said that he had told her Marx tried to strangle the widow Hirschman, she mistook. He had not said so.

Perhaps, having heard from the Hirschmans next morning that some one had tried to throttle the elder, she had fancied that he, Engelhard, had spoken about it. But he did not allude to it.

How could he, when he knew nothing about it?

Marx's evidence to some extent corroborated that of Engelhard. They had been drinking together at a tavern in Lichtenhof. Between eleven and twelve—earlier than Engelhard said—they had left the inn together—both a little the worse for liquor. Finding his head spin, he had flung himself on a heap of old thatch, and remained there, as far as he could tell, about half an hour.

Then he had got up and pursued his way home, without having seen anything more of his companion. He had not been up to Hummelstein that night.

When questioned as to his means, he admitted that he was without any. His father for whom he worked allowed him hardly any pocket-money, whereas Engelhard got money from his mother when he wanted it.

The host of the inn at Lichtenhof was next questioned. He confirmed the statement of both that they had been drinking at his house, but said they had left at 10:30, and that both were sober.

They had departed together singing folk-songs.

It is not our intention to follow the investigation; we will hurry to the conclusion, the confession at length drawn from Engelhard—a confession of guilt, but one so extraordinary as to give to this case a peculiar psychological interest.

When we say that Engelhard made a confession, we are not sufficiently exact—he made several, in the earlier partially admitting his guilt; but the last was the only one which was complete and consistent throughout.

He and Mark had been drinking together at Lichtenhof, and as they drank, Marx had complained to him of his poverty, of the hardships of his case, a young fellow of one-and-twenty being given no money by his parents.

He could only go to the tavern when treated by a friend, and was unable to buy a present for his sweetheart. Engelhard said that compassion for poor young Marx weighed on his heart, and depressed him. He was then without money himself, or he would have given him some of his own.

When they left the public-house the moon was shining. The nightingales were singing; a few faint stars only could be seen, as the sky was full of silvery moonlight.

The beauty and stillness of the night made the young man's heart soft, and he felt infinite compassion for poor Marx. His friend cast himself on a heap of straw, and declared his intention of sleeping there.

Engelhard went on about a mile, then returned, and not finding Marx where he had left him, he suspected he had gone up to the Hummelstein to see Elizabeth. Accordingly, he went after him, entered the apartment of the Hirschmans, and not seeing him there, left it.

Then he stood a moment in the court-yard, looking up at the moon, and doubtful what to do. He went again into the lodging of the Hirschmans, and half strangled the old woman, because he had nothing else to do with his hands, and he was disappointed that Marx was not there. Then he went to the tower of old Barbara. He thought he would take her money and give it to poor Marx.

It would be an agreeable surprise to Marx to be able to spend some of his own, and Engelhard was so sorry for the young fellow. He was not fairly treated by his father.

The "silly thought" of killing the old woman did not enter his head till he was in her room. He knew how to open her door.

He put his hand in through the hole, and unlocked the door, and went in. He said to Barbara, "Good evening." To which she replied, "What have you come here for?"

He said, "I want some of your money for poor Marx." She refused to give it. "That was why," he said in his confession, "I was so silly as to kill her. The money was no good to her; she was old and infirm, and life was no pleasure to her. And then poor Marx wanted money badly."

Accordingly, he strangled her, and then took what money he could find in her wooden money-box. But no sooner had he got the coins in his hands than he considered:

"This is bloody-money, I will not take it," so he threw it away. "Marx must do without."

He then went home, having spoken to the woman Heid on the bridge as he left the castle.

Next morning when he woke "he did not feel quite himself, he had a sense of something weighing on him."

To the end he remained unshaken in his assertion that he had committed the crime not out of any evil intent; but entirely out of good-nature, from compassion for Marx. He was sorry for what he had done, "it was very silly of him"—his favorite characterisation of the act—"but he had not intended to take a farthing for himself, it was all done to give Marx a pleasure. And it would be to him a comfort, whatever befell him, to remember that his motive was good."

Many witnesses were examined to obtain evidence of aberration of intellect in Engelhard, but no evidence was procurable. All who knew him declared that he was in full possession of his wits, and able to discriminate good from evil. The utmost that could be obtained was that when he was drunk or half drunk, he was irritable.

Erard Engelhard was condemned to death by the sword, by the court at Nurnberg, and this sentence was confirmed by the higher Court of Appeal on December 2, 1828.

On December 26, however, the King of Bavaria commuted his punishment to one of lifelong imprisonment.

He died in the convict establishment at Lichtenau, in 1836.

* * * * * *

What lends to this story, which is quite true, its special interest is the very peculiar psychological features in the case. Was the man sane?

All said he had never exhibited tokens of derangement. And yet the act was that of a madman, or of a man with the moral faculty abnormally blunt.

But to us it would seem absolutely inconceivable that such a crime could have been committed for such motives, and that the murderer could have so easily satisfied himself that the motive justified the act. It is perhaps one of the most curious psychological riddles in the records of criminal affairs.

Little Wasp.

BY J. O. B.

"DO you think a coquette can ever be true?"

This remark was addressed to me by an old schoolfellow with whom I kept up a friendship.

"Do I think a coquette can be true? No: but Little Wasp can."

"But a greater flirt never lived!" cried my companion. "She talks to all the fellows about; and I dare say half of them think she is in love with them, just as I do," he said, dashing the ash from his cigar against the five-barred gate over which we were both leaning.

"I don't think Little Wasp a coquette, in a real and true sense," I observed. "She talks to every fellow, I know, but she behaves all the time as if unconscious that she's doing anything out of the day. But then American girls are not like English girls."

"There again," said Jack, facing round and looking at me as if I were his bitterest enemy instead of the most forbearing friend in the world, and indeed I had proved myself this: for had I not listened to his meandering talk about Little Wasp for hours together, and never pronounced myself bored?

It will be judged from this that I was not one of the young lady's favored gentlemen; and indeed I was not.

I got none of her smiles, and a great many of those sharp little answers which had gained her her nickname; answers which, coming through less beautiful lips, might have exasperated a man. But her innocent air and exquisite loveliness made everything she did or said appear right at the moment.

It was afterwards, upon reflection, and when her face was not there to bewitch one, that one called her cruel and unfeeling, and all sorts of other names one would have been ashamed even to think in her presence. But I am digressing.

I had spoken of her being American, and Jack had turned upon me angrily with, "There again! she and her mother have come from no one knows where, and no one knows who; and here am I belonging to one of the oldest families——"

Here I interrupted him. I had no particular ancestors to trace my descent from, and no coat of arms to brag about; and as I knew by heart all Jack's ancestors as far back as Adam, I did not want to hear any more of them; which Little Wasp would have said directly was jealousy.

"All right, old fellow," said Jack. "I'm not going to give you the tree this time, and you come of a better stock than I do or you wouldn't be what you are."

I was considerably mollified by this remark, and relaxing the severity of my countenance, said: "You were about to observe——"

"Yes," said Jack, "I was about to observe that I am ready to die for that girl."

"In which respect," I replied, "you are not so distinguished from your fellows as by your tree."

"Very likely," he answered mournfully. "But, after all, the question at issue is: which of us is she ready to die for?"

How I remembered that remark later on, when I knew the end of the story!

"Little Wasp die!" I said, laughingly. "She'll live her summer-day life and then just disappear, to make war and anarchy in heaven once more, the little witch! One cannot think of Little Wasp dying."

"Well, then, which of us will she live for?" asked Jack, with some asperity.

"I wonder how many of the fellows have asked her?" I replied with great calmness. "If you mean business, I must say you're taking it uncommonly cool. Somebody will be carrying her off, sting and all, while you are thinking about it. There was Captain Esher round there to-night, as I passed the gate."

"Look here," said Jack, "I'll go round there this very night, and the old one's so anxious to marry the girl off her hands that she won't deny me admission; and it'll be a bit of a test when I tell her I sail so soon for Melbourne. By-the-way," he said, breaking off suddenly, and looking at me with a whimsical puzzlement on his face, "I hope the old one won't want to be included in the bargain."

"On that point I can set your heart at rest," I replied. "The old one has carried off her own prize. Thomson told me about it. She's going to be married quietly."

"So much the better," said Jack; "and if you'll excuse me, old fellow, I'm off."

"Always the way," I said to myself, "where the girls are concerned. Never so much as asked how I was going on; never asked if I'd got the appointment—and be hanged if I'll tell him without. I'll just present myself to see them off when they sail, as of course they will. Little Wasp, for all her baby looks, will know better than to throw over a man of his property and position." And truly I was trying as hard as I could to think her mercenary, though I have since learnt how desperately I must have been endeavoring to quench something so much warmer for her in my heart. I would go and see them off, and then when the man should call out, "All visitors on land!" I should just stick there, and let them find out I had taken my passage.

I was disappointed of this piece of diplomacy, for Jack came up to my lodging very late in the evening, and looked so buoyant and happy that I knew it was all settled; and why shouldn't it be? (this latter a little admonition delivered internally, to some part of me that would sigh in thinking of it.)

"Yes, it's all right, old boy," he said, clapping me on the shoulder, which I a little resented, for the weight of his fist was not light; "and she has cared for me all along and thought I was never going to ask her."

"The deuce she has," I said, sticking a knife into a loaf of bread in front of me, for I had been eating my supper.

He looked a little surprised at my expression, but he was too full of his own happiness to notice me much, and rattled on, seating himself upon the table in a manner which would have alarmed my landlady could she have seen him, for that article of furniture was none of the newest nor the most modern.

It was round, and stood upon a centre pedestal, and had a great tendency to lurch; and I had discovered three different catalogue-numbers of sales upon it underneath. But I am digressing.

"I want but one thing to complete my happiness," Jack said; and the table creaked under him, and caused the cheese to run a race with the knife along the dish. "If only you could get your appointment and go out with us."

Now was my time. I looked up with an injured air. "I got the notice that I was appointed, this morning."

"Why in the name of all the gods didn't you tell a fellow?"

"I should like to know what chance I had," I replied. "For the last six months there has been only one subject of conversation between us, and Little Wasp has——"

Here he interrupted me.

"Look here, old fellow," he said; "we must drop that absurd nickname. Her real name is Ellen."

"Absurd!" I ejaculated. "Little Wasp is Little Wasp and can be nothing else to any of us who have known her. But of course," I added with some dignity, "she will have a new name to be called by soon, and I shall use that."

"Nonsense, old fellow," replied my friend, "we are not going to make a stranger of you, and you are welcome to call her Ellen like me."

I thanked him with a little of a sneer in my tone, I am afraid, and respectfully declined.

"As you like," said Jack, giving the table a fearful wrench. In fact such was the danger, I was compelled to remonstrate, and suggest that there were chairs in the room, even if not of the most desirable shape and softness.

"Ah, to be sure, I thought it was rickety," he said, descending from his perch and seating himself next upon my camp-stool, which collapsed under him, resulting in bursts of laughter from both of us.

"It's only getting my hand in for the Bay of Biscay; and hang it, if I care for anything," he said, seating himself with some care in my arm-chair, "now that angel has linked her lot with mine."

"What are you calling her an angel for?" I said. Somehow I could not bear to hear him run on. "I'll allow she's a very pretty little sinner."

"Sinner!" cried Jack, knocking down my cigar-case from a cupboard near his elbow with magnificent indifference. "I like that! She who is as stainless as——"

Here I interrupted him. "Don't go on," I said, "I know the rest; and you know we've all been so used to talking of her lightly" ("and thinking seriously," I added mentally).

"Far too lightly," said Jack with asperity, "and I won't hear any more of it. She'll be Mrs. Percival in a few days' time; and if that Captain shows his nose near——"

"Don't threaten," I said. "The landlady is always listening at the door, and when I open it she's always just going to knock. Besides, it would look like distrust to be behaving in that manner, and I don't think that's fair to her, coquette though she has been."

"Well, it can't matter much, for we are all going away," said Jack, rising and lighting up.

* * * * * *

The scene had changed; and I, who thought myself practical, and free of sentiment, while others made love, or fooled, as I termed it, around me, was now feeling as I leaned, not against a five-barred gate this time, but against the poop of a vessel with the raging Bay of Biscay all surrounding us, that I had a great deal of sentiment in me after all; and indeed there is nothing like a great storm to bring out the true woman in a man, which is there sure enough if it can only be roused; just as my poor Little Wasp proved there was plenty of the man, or manly courage, in a frail, sweetly nature-painted little woman.

She was with her husband below, cheering and consoling him, I was sure; for she who had on coming on board shuddered lest blackbeetles might be in the cabin, was now strong and firm and even cheerful since the captain had told us he feared we could never weather the gale.

There were many many passengers on board. I don't know the number, for I could never read the newspaper accounts. But Ellen Percival, in her blue serge, was hither and thither, consoling mothers, comforting children, and even taking off little trinkets for them to play with. And how those children played on the verge of eternity! They were not terrified, the majority of them; and if they were, Little Wasp with her gentle voice, which had no sting now for any one, coaxed them into happiness, and hid away in her own great tender heart all she must have been feeling then.

"Have you no fear?" I said to her, as a lifeboat was launched, and was seen to go to pieces instantly in that terrible sea.

She was standing with her husband's arm about her as I spoke.

"Jack is here," was all her reply.

The battered crew of the lifeboat, rescued all but one, persisted that they would make no further attempt.

They resisted the captain's command to launch the iron pinnace, which would hold fifty souls. No, they would go down with the old craft, they said doggedly.

And now to make matters worse, half the crew, who were Malays, refused to do anything, and went to their berths, and it became necessary for the passengers to take their places. Jack and I were strong, and we went to the pumps.

The storm continued with redoubled fury. The water was rising in the cabin, and there the stewardess helped the parents to place their children higher than the water, thus putting off by so little the inevitable.

It was now resolved that the pinnace should be lowered by means of the davits. But only three of the passengers were willing to enter it when launched.

They had been terrified by the fate of the lifeboat. I was one of the passengers, and I almost feel guilty in writing it, seeing that they were not the other two.

Few will believe how great a sacrifice I made for the old mother at home depending on me.

To have died with her as he did would have seemed bliss to me. But my life belonged to my old mother at home.

"There is little chance for you in the boat," said the captain to the first mate; "here there is none. You have done your duty, God speed you. Do what you can for the little craft," and the two shook hands as for eternity.

The pumps had been abandoned, and Jack with his arm around his wife stood near and heard.

"You will go, Tom," said Jack, "you have your mother. "We," he said, glancing with a kind of rapture at the wistful little face leaning against his pea-jacket—"we will not be separated."

I still hoped, as I said "Good-bye," that they would join us; but the crew, finding the passengers held back, had come on to the boat and taken their places, at which the captain smiled grimly.

He smiled even more, as one of the other passengers went over the side of the vessel with a black bag carefully held, to think he should care for his possessions at a moment like this. There is no time to lose, for the good ship was settling fast. We had some biscuits and compass, but no water.

"There is room for one more. Fetch a lady," said the mate as we were about to cut ourselves free of the ship.

I immediately regained the ship to look for Ellen and her husband. "There is room for one lady," I said hurriedly. "Go both of you and care for my mother for me."

They shook their heads, both of them, and Jack said, "I could never face your mother with such a tale; but," he added with a sudden heroism, "it is the moment

to tell the truth. Tom loves you, Ellen, I have seen it all along. Take her," he said to me, "marry her and make her happy. It is so dreadful for such a sweet young life to be broken off."

I felt myself choking, but I needed not to speak a word. She laid her soft cheek against his, and clung to him so desperately, with a face so full of radiant love—it was answer enough.

Jack looked at me with a happiness I can never describe.

"You see a coquette can be true," he said, and these were his last words to me.

The moments were so precious, I had only time to fling myself over the side and into the boat, for the ship was settling down so fast that the boat if not cut away immediately would be sucked down.

Ellen Percival I see now as I last saw her, standing upon the deck of that doomed vessel, cheerful and like herself even in such an hour, some time peering forward through the dashing foam and spray, some time gazing at her husband in a sweet contented way; and that I might see her the more plainly, the sun shone out for a brief moment amid angry banks of black cloud, and lit her face with a sort of chastened glory.

It may sound strange, but I never saw more perfect happiness than was in the face of both those two at that moment. It was but a moment, for the bow of the ship rose right out of the sea, and the sudden rush of air from below flung all the passengers forward together. It was all over now—the once mighty craft sank suddenly and completely, and around us was the raging sea.

It matters little to the reader how I escaped, and the rest of us. We were picked up by a ship after we had encountered some privations, and it was long before I could reconcile myself to life after that last adieu to Little Wasp.

SOME FOLK TALES.

THE Singhalese are an astute people, and are not behind other Eastern nations in their sense of humor. These characteristics exhibit themselves in a marked degree (as do those of all nations) in their proverbs and fables.

A collection of these has been made, and from them I propose making a selection.

It is the custom among men of Eastern nations, when desirous of contracting a marriage, to secure the good offices of a judicious go-between to make the necessary arrangements with the family of the bride as to dowry, and so on. One of their sayings is, "Like arranging a match for a crocodile," and this proverb, like many others, is connected with a fable, which runs as follows:

A bachelor crocodile, weary of single existence, solicited the kind offices of a jackal to help him to a suitable partner.

The jackal of the East is, in cunning, not one whit behind his Western relative, the fox; in fact, in knowingness, the former may be said to have the advantage.

Master Jack told his dupe, the crocodile, that he knew of a young lady who would suit him exactly.

"But," said he, "she lives on the other side of the river, which I have no means of crossing."

"That need not stand in your way," said the amorous saurian; "jump on my back and you shall be carried over in a trice."

"Done!" said the jackal, as he fixed his claws in the crocodile's scales.

In a few minutes he stood on the opposite bank. "Stay here for me," said he, running off into the jungle.

Now Master Jackal knew full well that there was no bride in those parts for the love-sick swain, nor did he propose troubling himself in the matter at all. His keen nose had caught the scent of a dead buffalo lying on that side of the river, on whose carcass he longed to regale himself. And while the expectant crocodile, filled with soft thoughts, lay waiting to hear the result of the jackal's overtures, that faithless gentleman was enjoying to the full his savory repast.

Having eaten till he could eat no more, he returned to the bank of the river, and explained that, unfortunately, the father of the lady had gone to a neighboring village and would not return till nightfall; but that he had ascertained from an astrologer what time on the morrow would be propitious for making further advances. Here the cunning rogue mentioned the hour of his last usual mid-day meal.

There was no course left for the crocodile but to swim back with his false friend, and hope for better luck next day.

At the appointed hour next morning they met again, and the crocodile a second time carried the deceiver across the stream. The latter, after enjoying himself as on the previous day, came back, saying that he had seen the father, who was not ill-disposed towards the union, but thought it better to take counsel with his brother, whom he would see that evening.

He declared also that there was every reason to hope that matters would be satisfactorily arranged next day.

Day after day did this unsuspecting victim of misplaced confidence carry his treacherous friend backwards and forwards across the stream, until the last morsel of buffalo flesh had been devoured and naught remained but the bones, horns and hoofs. Not one fragment of the banquet was ever brought to the unhappy crocodile, and all he had to feed on was the unsatisfactory banquet of deferred hope.

Finally, having no further need of the amphibian's assistance, when once more he was borne to the shore nearest home, the crafty jackal nimbly springing to land, ran off to the jungle; and as he reached its skirts he turned round, and whisking his tail in the air, exclaimed in derisive tones, "What marriages for crocodiles that live in rivers!"

It is well to have a wife of a frugal mind, who tries to turn all things to the best account. But it is possible she may carry the principle too far, as is shown in the following story of a villager's spouse.

It is the custom in Ceylon to present the village barber, at the end of the year, with a bag of grain, or some article of clothing, in return for the services of his razor.

Among some Eastern races it is thought disgraceful for a man to shave himself, as it is the occupation of a "low-caste" man; and it is not unusual for a person of rank and influence to annoy his humbler neighbors or indulge some grudge against them by interdicting the barber from practicing his skill on them.

The barber came one day to shave her husband, but it so happened that he was out at the time, and his wife knowing that the bag of rice would be claimed all the same, and being desirous that the barber should not earn his reward too cheaply, made him shave her head! On her husband's return she boasted to him how she had been even with the barber, and got her money's worth out of him.

This reminds me of another careful housekeeper, the wife of a worthy old gentleman, of whom it is related that having prepared a black dose for a native neighbor, who neglected to call for it, she, rather than sanction an act of wastefulness, insisted on her husband's swallowing it!

Once upon a time there lived a sage called "the great counsel giver," who was consulted on all important or difficult questions.

One day a calf stuck its stupid young head into a pot and could not get it out again. After trying various methods of extricating the animal's head, its owner resorted to the "adviser general."

"Bring forth my elephant," said the sage; and the elephant was brought. He mounted it and followed the applicant to his house; but on reaching it the garden gate was found too narrow to admit the elephant.

"Break down the wall," was the next command of the wise man, and it was obeyed. But another obstacle presented itself in the form of an outhouse, and one end of that had to be demolished before the man of resource could gain access to the yard where the calf was still struggling for deliverance.

"Cut off the creature's head," said the dispenser of wisdom, and with prompt obedience the calf was decapitated. "Now smash the pot," was the final command, and the difficulty was solved.

Then, directing that the head should be handed to the owner of the animal, the great man rode off.

A jackal one day seized a hen in the garden of a villager and made away with it. Warned by the cries of the hen, the neighbors raised a hue and cry, and ran out to see what was the matter.

Thereupon the jackal, silencing the unfortunate hen's screams by ending its existence, dropped her body under a bush. Then seizing a piece of cocoa-nut, he trotted along demurely with that in his mouth, endeavoring to persuade the world that he was a harmless vegetarian.

The proverb runs thus: "The jackal hides the fowl in the jungle, and runs about with a cocoa-nut in his mouth."

The Italians have a proverb to the effect that, "If the hen did not cackle no one would know she had laid an egg."

The Singhalese have one similar. It is the habit of the turtle to make her way to the shore for the purpose of laying her eggs in the sand; after doing which she silently retreats to her native element.

This operation she stealthily repeats day after day, laying in the aggregate a very large number of eggs. The knowledge of this fact explains the meaning of the saying, "The turtle makes no noise, even after laying hundreds of eggs, but the cackling of a hen that has laid one egg can be heard in several villages."

It is customary for charitably-disposed persons in Ceylon to erect along the high roads buildings called "ambalams." These are generally sheds with a half wall round them, where the traveler may spread his mat, cook his food and rest for the night.

Seven travelers happening to meet at an ambalam agreed that each should put a handful of rice into the pot, and so contribute to a common repast. Each traveler, thinking to feed at the expense of his six comrades, and save his own rice, approached the cooking vessel with an empty hand, and pretended to supply his quantum. The result was a pot of boiling water only, and the proverb is: "Like the (rice-gruel) that the travelers cooked."

Connubial felicity is liable to interruptions in Ceylon as well as elsewhere, as may be gathered from the following tale:

"An unfortunate hen-pecked husband betook himself to a friend's home at a distance to acquaint him of his troubles, and obtain his sympathy and advice. While they were engaged in conversation, the wife of his host rushed into the room in a rage, with a 'chatty,' or earthenware vessel, in her hand, and banged him on the head with it. The result was the inevitable one. The man's head went through the bottom of the vessel, and his neck was encircled by the rim.

"Do you ever see anything like this in your part of the country?" cried the humiliated man.

"Such things do occasionally happen," was the reply. "But I have never seen it quite in this wise."

And he went home thinking that in the future he would "rather bear the ills he had, than fly to others that he knew not of."

THE IMAGINATION.

There is, and there always must be, a great difference between "that which is" and "that which seems"—between the real and the ideal; and if this fact were more generally borne in mind, much disappointment would be prevented.

In youth, pictures of the imagination are, as a rule, very vivid and glowing, and the anguish on discovering that "things are not what they seem" is correspondingly great. Take, for example, the average youth's imaginary picture of the "splendid" life of a sailor.

Nowadays, as we all know, comparatively few lads run away to sea—they prefer, even at a very early age, to dabble in literature and to speculate on the brilliant future of the "literary calling;" but at one time this was quite common, and lads very soon discovered that the life of a sailor was by no means so full of romance as their fancy painted.

It ought to be known by this time that the character or the personal appearance of an author cannot be judged from his writings, any more than the subjects of those writings affords any clue to the circumstances under which they were written. Hogarth's poet indited an ode to riches while his wife was being dunned for the milk-score; and it is tolerably well known that Moore wrote "Lalla Rookh" in a cottage blocked up with snow, with an English winter howling around.

After this, it is not surprising to learn that Tennyson has written to an admirer of his well-known poem, commencing, "Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O Sea," saying that it was composed, not by the seashore, but "made in a Lincolnshire lane at five o'clock in the morning." Therefore, the old piece of advice, "Never read the life of your literary hero," is as full of significance now as ever it was.

A certain author, when a youth, was inexpressibly grieved to hear that the poet of whom he was then fond kept his hair very short, and wore the best fitting coat in New York. Popular imagination is apt to associate genius with an abundance of flowing locks and uncomfortable-looking cloaks.

As a rule, photographs of eminent men are very disappointing—why, it would sometimes be difficult to say. Can it be, as some one has suggested, that all the bright, clever, handsome, and "promising young men" never come to anything?

Ladies are especially fond of drawing imaginary portraits of authors, actors, well-known divines, and professional beauties; and when they first see a photograph of any well-known personage, it is usually favored with some honest though not flattering criticism.

In the case of most other photographs, there is a surprising similarity of result, especially in the case of those humorous writers and artists. It is naturally expected that there will be an air of jollity about such men; but most of them look as though they did not enjoy life, and even in the flesh many of them looked miserable.

Artemus Ward always secured unhappy, and Josh Billings had the air of a man who had just seated himself on a tack. The living humorists are equally disappointing. Mark Twain has been described as "wearing the injured look of a bad boy who has been pulled out of bed to see uncongenial company." If the personal appearance of such men as these fails to realize expectation, it is no wonder that their photographs are disappointing.

Of late years, the practice of giving "portraits" of eminent men in newspapers has enormously increased, until one can hardly pick up a copy of any provincial journal without seeing one or two specimens of this kind of illustration. Unfortunately, however, the problem of reproducing photographs to work on certain kinds of fast printing machines has not yet been satisfactorily solved; and consequently, many well-known men have been anything but flattered by some of these crude attempts at illustration.

Not long ago a popular dramatist humorously threatened to bring an action for libel against a newspaper which had printed what he called a "beastly caricature" of himself.

And now, an authoress has implored all her acquaintances who value their reputation to refuse to lend a photograph for the purpose of newspaper illustration. After making due allowance for exaggeration, there can be no doubt that many newspaper portraits are decidedly bad, and that they do much to destroy imaginary portraits and to create false impressions.

Charles James Yellowplush, in describing his adventures in "foring parts," said he never saw a single Frenchman swallow a frog, which he had been "led to believe was their reg'lar though beastly custom."

Many ideas such as this are nothing more than popular pictures of the imagination, just as it has long since been discovered that the "picturesque" red-man of Fenimore Cooper was a purely fictitious personage. Dick Deadeye qualified Longfellow's well-known assertion that "things are seldom what they seem:" but, taking all things into consideration, it may be doubted whether the qualification is necessary.

THERE is no contending with necessity, and we should be very tender how we censure those that submit to it. It is one thing to be at liberty to do what we will, and another thing to be tied up to do what we must.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

One of the oldest industries in Egypt is artificial egg batching, principally engaged in by Copts. There are said to be 700 establishments of this nature in the country, and the production of chickens from the ovens has been estimated at from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 annually. The season for incubating lasts through three months of the early summer. The country people bring eggs to the proprietors of the "farroogs," and give two good eggs for every newly hatched chick.

A circular which has been sent from Paris to persons interested in the question of an international language says: "The Universal Exposition of 1889 offers us a most valuable opportunity for the adoption by an International Congress of a universal language, enabling all peoples to correspond with one another. This congress should examine and decide whether this universal language shall be Mr. Schleyer's Volapuk or Volapuk simplified in certain particulars or any other language." It is then proposed to obtain, on another part of the same circular, signatures to a formal call, in which the Director of the Exposition of 1889 is requested to convoke such a congress and the signers agree to do their best either to be present at the congress or to see that their country is represented thereat.

People in North Brunswick township, N. J., are interested in the coming marriage of a farmer's daughter, Emma Johnson, to a man who was supposed to be a tramp, but who turns out to be a wealthy Scotchman. The man's name is Hugh McKenzie, aged 22. He says he is the son of Colin McKenzie, a retired lawyer of Edinburgh, Scotland, and that he is a graduate of Clifton College, Bristol. Shortly after his graduation he decided to come to America. He was not able to get work, and was found under a tree on the farm of Miss Johnson's father, where he had fainted dead away. He was carried into the house and cared for by the girl. In a few days he was sufficiently recovered to go to work on the farm, and a few months later he wrote to his father. In reply he received word that his father was dead, and that he was heir to one-sixth of his estate, which will be worth three-quarters of a million. Word was immediately sent to Ford, Rankin & Fox, No. 24 South Square, Grey's Inn, and McKenzie is in a fair way to come in possession of his fortune. He and Miss Johnson will be married in May.

Lexington, Ky., has a theological school, some of the students of which have provoked a great deal of criticism by attending the theatre and by publishing in their college paper the following racy description of the kind of girls they want for wives: "The buxom, bright eyed, rosy cheeked, full breasted, bounding lass, who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, milk cows, wrestle with the boys, and be a lady withal in company, is just the sort of girl for me, and for any worthy man, to marry. But you, ye pining, mooning, oiling, screwed up, waspe waisted, puffy headed, consumptive, mortgaged, moon moralizing daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want more liberty and less fashionable restraints, more kitchen and less parlor, more pudding and less piano, more frankness and less mock modesty, more breakfast and less bustle."

There are few incidents of travel more harrowing than those told about the mirage, which is a feature of the desert, and is, therefore, rapidly disappearing from those parts of the West where it used to be seen before the country became thickly settled. A story told by Sir Samuel Baker, the African explorer, shows how an entire regiment once lost their lives. At one time, when crossing the desert, the Egyptian soldiers were put upon a short allowance of water, and it gave out where no rain. Seeing what they supposed to be a lake of water in the distance, they urged the guide to lead them to it. He, knowing it to be a mirage, refused, and in their rage they killed him. The whole regiment then rushed madly towards the enticing water, which still glittered before them, yet never one step nearer their burning lips. At last, when many had fallen from exhaustion, the picture vanished, and the seeming lake was gone. They sought to retrace their steps, but the path was lost and the guide murdered. Not a single man of the party escaped, and their bodies were found afterwards by Arabs sent out in search.

Dead People

Are walking around in our midst all the time; dead to ambition, enterprise and progress, they never get on, and live and go down in obscurity and poverty. Live people should write Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn how to make $1 and upwards per hour. All is free, and after learning all, should you conclude not to engage, no harm is done. You can live at home and do the work. Either sex, all ages. A great reward awaits every worker. Write and see. Capital not needed; you are started free. All can do the work. No special ability required.

Our Young Folks.

HOW IT WAS MANAGED.

BY E. O. C.

MY little sister Sybil was eight on the 1st of January, and I was to be sixteen on the 19th; so mamma said we should keep the two birthdays together by having a children's party on the 19th.

One condition should be made—that I should draw up a programme of amusements for the evening, and undertake the arrangements of our little party without troubling her. She promised to provide the tea and supper, but all the games and procedure of the evening's entertainment were to be my doing. So first of all she gave me some money in hand for invitation cards, programmes, and the toys for the cotillon, etc., and very busy we were one whole Saturday afternoon writing and sending out the invitations.

We got some pretty tinted cards with little gold doves flying in one corner, and wrote out.

MISS JOAN AND MISS SYBIL BRUNE

At Home,

THURSDAY, JANUARY, 19th.

Games and Dancing 4 to 8. R. S. V. P.

Great excitement followed in watching for the answers, and little Sybil was highly delighted when notes of acceptance came, and I had to read them over and over again to let her know "luckily" who was coming. Of course we had several refusals; the little ones had measles or colds or something disagreeable, and my party dwindled down from forty to thirty. Ages ranged from five to eleven. I secured three girls of my own age and two boys of seventeen from among our friends to assist me in the maintenance of order and to help me with the games.

As the children arrived the nurse stood ready to receive them at the library door, now turned into a cloak-room, and the eldest of each little party (or nurse of the very little ones) had a small round ticket given her with a number written on it; this was attached to a silk cord which she could slip round her neck and so be sure of not losing it, and no confusion occurred amongst the wraps, coats, shoes, etc., on their departure. Then they were marshalled into the dining-room, and at a quarter past four (for they were all very punctual in coming), we sat down to a very plain but pretty tea-table.

Mamma had provided sweet biscuits, brown and white bread and butter cut thin and rolled up so that the little fingers need not get greasy, sponge cakes iced with pink and white sugar, sponge fingers, gingerbread, nuts, etc., with tea, coffee, and plenty of milk.

When tea was over the hitherto silent tongues began to chatter, and we asked Miss Drew to play a lively march tune; this she did, and each boy then took a girl and marched arm in arm in step downstairs to the breakfast room, which was cleared for the purpose.

We had decorated the walls with pretty fireplace fans, and the fireplace itself was quite a work of art, being ornamented with ferns, grasses, and a bright-colored muslin curtain drawn on one side showing a Japanese screen above the grasses.

No fire was in the room, but it was well lighted with gas, and warm curtains were hung over the door and windows.

The children all wondered why I had six chairs in a row in the middle of the room, but I soon showed them what I was going to do. I chose six girls and seated them on the chairs, and sent six little boys out of the room, and told my young ladies each to choose a boy and tell us who he was.

Outside the room Robert, our big boy friend, told the boys when I rang the hand-bell that they were to go in one at a time and each to kneel at the feet of any maid he thought had chosen him, and when he came out, if wrong he was not to tell the others to whom he had knelt. Then poor Roderick Gray was the first to go in and kneel down, and was driven out by the hisses of the players and onlookers. It was great fun watching the shy way in which the boys came in looking askance to see if a gleam of recognition might tempt them to kneel at the feet of a "fayre ladye."

As the game went on some of the girls grew bold and mischievous, and an appealing look often drew the small knight towards them, to be kissed again if unsuccessful, but when they did choose rightly the cheering from all was quite deafening.

That over, we started taps and the ring for the very little ones. About twelve stood in a ring holding their hands over a piece of tape on which a small curtain ring was threaded, and the game was for them to slip the ring along from one to the other, a child standing in the centre trying to catch it as it rapidly slipped from hand to hand. Whenever the ring was found, then that child in whose hands it was captured went into the centre and the other fell into the ranks again.

While this was going on "musical chairs" gave great amusement to the elder ones. Miss Drew played a quick bright tune and stopped suddenly at intervals, taking them unawares so that they hardly got time to jump on to a chair, and the laughter and merry shouts showed their evident enjoyment.

Mamma and papa came in to see the fun, and agreed that our games were very successful. It was now about six o'clock, and we assembled them again for a march twice round the room and up the middle, leaving the girls ranged one side and the boys opposite for the "Swedish dance," and that I think is so well known and such a favorite dance that I need not describe it. The children soon entered into the spirit of it, and it was such a pretty sight to see them all kneeling down clapping their hands to the time of the music, while one dear dainty little pair tripped merrily down, the girl in the middle holding the boy's hand as he danced outside the kneeling children.

We then let them rest a few minutes, while my two friends, Miriam and Mortimer Mills, went round with baskets of crackers. Then Sybil took another basket containing tiny fans, and to each girl she gave one; and Roderick did the same, giving each boy a fan matching those which Sybil had, and the cotillon began by their trying to match their fans and at once dancing off with a partner.

After this colored ribbons were introduced. Miriam and Mortimer both wearing jockey caps of bright colors distributed these, and Miriam leading or driving the boys and Mortimer the girls, went two or three times round the room to the crack of a whip and a merry tune, and then each girl paired off with a boy whose ribbon matched hers.

"Vanishing faces" was one of the most popular variations of the cotillon. Two chairs were placed in the centre of the room and a couple of girls took their places on them, each holding a small mirror in her hand. The boys then came behind and looked into the glass. If the maiden disapproved of the youth whose face she saw reflected she rubbed the mirror with her handkerchief and he had to retire, and give place to someone else, and so on till she was satisfied, when she laid down the glass and gave the successful cavalier her hand for a dance, another girl taking her place.

We had animals and birds—"Noah's ark animals" in fact—and they caused immense fun, to say nothing of the children's pleasure in carrying off the toys on their departure.

We had a polka, galop, and other dances, I and my big friends dancing with the very weest ones, for we arranged we would not dance with each other until all the children were gone; and papa and Uncle Stephen had promised to have a quadrille with us.

At a quarter past seven o'clock Sir Roger de Coverley was called for, and after it was over we marched up to supper. Words are wanting to describe the prettiness and lightness of this. The table was lighted with fairy lamps in the midst of ferns and flowers, high silver candelabras, color and greenery everywhere.

A lovely Twelfth night cake with lots of pretty ornaments on it, and the inside not a plum but a delicious rice cake perfectly harmless to the tiniest amongst us.

Sandwiches, chicken, jellies, custards, blanc-manges in all colors, and pretty looking biscuits, grapes, figs, oranges, chocolate drops, and a little box of sugar candy and Turkish delight on every plate. Crackers with fans, scent bottles, pencil-cases, tablets, book marks, jewelry, and last, but not least, in a gorgeous-looking cracker, a Jubilee coin to every little boy and girl.

I cannot tell you what delight this last gave and what exclamations of surprise there were! for papa had not told us of his intention, and we knew the difficulty of getting them.

Supper over we trotted the children off to nurse to cloak and hand them over to their respective nurses, and we rushed downstairs to await papa and mamma and Uncle Stephen, and hear their remarks.

Papa said that, judging by the shouts he heard when he came home, he thought they must be enjoying themselves.

Mamma kissed me and said, "My great pleasure has been in seeing Joan forget herself in her endeavors to please and amuse her little friends, and Uncle Stephen said that after all the hard work we must have some fun with the elder ones, and he set off with me to the strain of a pretty waltz which Miss Drew had been dreamily playing preparatory to the promised quadrille.

So ended a day I shall long remember as being one of the brightest and happiest I have ever spent.

Sybil was quite content to say "Good-night" when her little friends departed, and next day she was as lively and merry as usual, and talked not a little of our party and how she enjoyed it.

BABIES OF THE ANTIPODES.—One day, while travelling through China on my tour around the world, I came upon a very novel and interesting sight. It was the first thing of the kind I ever saw or heard about. My overland journey led me through many out-of-the-way districts where the people are primitive and curious in many respects.

In one of these obscure communities in the foot-hills of the Mao-Ling Mountains, I saw about twenty Chinese infants tethered to stakes on a patch of greensward, like so many goats or pet lambs. The length of each baby's tether was about ten feet, and the bamboo stakes were set far enough apart so that the babies wouldn't get tangled up.

Each baby had a sort of girdle or kummerband around its waist, and the end of the tether-string was tied to the back of this. Some of the little Celestials were crawling about on all-fours; others were taking their first lessons in the feat of standing upright by steadying themselves upon the stake they were tied to.

What queer little Chinese mortals they all looked to be sure, picketed out on the grass like a lot of young calves whose mothers were away for the day! In this respect they did indeed resemble calves, for I could see their mothers at work in a rice-field two or three hundred yards away.

All the babies seemed quite contented with their treatment. I stood and looked at them for several minutes, from pure amusement at their unique position; but, although they regarded me with wide-eyed curiosity, I never heard a whimper from any of them. Nobody was paying the slightest attention to them and from appearances I should conclud that they were most likely picketed out in this manner every fine day while their mothers worked in the neighboring fields.

Very probably these Chinese babies soon come to regard their daily outing at the stake with the same degree of satisfaction that every Young American derives from his perambulator ride on sunny afternoons in the park.

MY NIECE JOAN.

BY SHEILA.

MY name is Mrs. Green. I live in a small farm near a large town. At the back of my house there is a field where the cows graze.

I have a fowl-house too, and some fowls and ducks and geese, and a pond for the ducks and geese to swim in.

Last year a small niece of mine came to stay with me, but I do not think I shall ask her to come this year, for she is not as I should like her to be: she does not do as she is told; and then, what is worse still, when you tell her she has done wrong she sulks, and she'll stand with her thumb in her mouth, and be as cross as cross can be.

Now I will tell you of one or two things which Joan did to vex me while she was at my house.

I had a large cage with two ring-doves in it, and they were great pets of mine. Each day, when we had done tea, I would make Joan look round the room and see if my cat was in it; if he was I told her to turn him out and shut the door, and then I let my birds come out of their cage, and fly as they would all round the room.

They were such sweet things, I did so like to hear their soft coo, and they were now so tame that they would come and feed from my hand.

One day I went out to sell some eggs, and when I left I said to Joan, "I hope you will be good while I am gone; you may go and play in the field and feed the fowls if you like. I will be back as soon as I can."

I was home in an hour and a half, and as I went in at my back door I heard a scream from Joan, and then I heard her call out, "Jane, Jane, come and help me, quick, quick!"

I ran to the room where she was, and what did I see but the door of my birds' cage set back.

Mrs. Dove was in it, but Mr. Dove was in my cat's mouth. I ran up and took hold of Mr. Dove with my left hand, and gave my cat a sharp cuff with my right, which made him let go his hold; but his teeth had drawn blood from my poor dove's neck, and he lay as if dead in my hands, but I saw that there was still some life left, so I put him back in his cage by Mrs. Dove, and I am glad to say he soon got well.

When I had time to turn to Joan, I said —"Now tell me at once how this came to pass?"

"Oh, please, aunt," said Joan, "don't be cross with me; I did not think that Tom was in the room, and the first that I knew of it was when I saw him spring on your dove and catch hold of him."

"But why was he out of the cage, Joan?" I said.

"I let him out," said she, and her cheeks got so red.

"Is this the first time you have done it, Joan?"

Still more red Joan got when she said, "No, aunt, it is not the first; this is the third time."

"Oh, Joan," said I, "you know I have said that you must not touch the cage if I were not by you; it does vex me so to think that you will not do as you are told; and you would have been the death of my poor dove if I had not come in just then."

Joan said not a word, but in went her thumb in her mouth, and a frown came on her brow, and I knew for the next hour she would be in a fit of the sulks, so I left her and then I went to and to some work which I had to do that night.

A short time went by, and I had no fault to find with Joan, till one day, when I went out to feed the fowls and ducks.

As I came near the duck-pond, there I saw Joan by the edge of the pond, and in her hand she held a long stick, with which she did her best to draw a dead bird out of the pond.

"What is it, Joan?" said I, and I thought she had a strange look on her face, but by this time I had come so near that I could see what it was, and there I found in the pond one of my best white hens.

"Give me the stick," said I to Joan, and with it I drew the hen to the edge of the pond, but she was quite dead.

"Do you know how she got in the pond?" I said to Joan.

"Yes, aunt, I didn't think she would drown, I thought she could swim if she were to try."

"Then did you put her in?" said I.

"Yes, aunt; I thought I would make her nice and clean, so I threw her in, and meant to wipe her on this cloth. I didn't mean to throw her in so far, and then I could not get her out."

I must say I did feel cross with her this time, for I meant to sell that hen the next week, and I should have got at least half-a-dollar for her, but all I said to Joan was, "You did not mean to kill the poor hen, I am sure, Joan, but I wish you had thought more of it first, for there are more ills wrought by want of thought than want of heart, and you will find this true when you grow up and know more of the world than you do now."

If Joan now had come and thrown her arms round my neck and said she would try not to vex me more I should have let this all pass by, but she got in one of her sulks, and would not speak to me, just as if it was I who had done her some great harm, whilst you know it was she who had done wrong to me. So that night, when she had gone to bed, I wrote a note to her home and said I should take Joan back the next week, and did so. When it was time to pack up her things I told her why I could not keep her with me as I had meant to do. This made her cry, and say she would try and be good and not sulk if I would but keep her, but I said, "No, but if I hear that you are a good girl at home, and do not sulk when you are told you have done wrong, some day I will have you to stay with me once more."

HOW WE BLUSH.—The circulatory, respiratory, and digestive system of the human body, though their functions are involuntary, are still to a very great degree affected by the action of the parts of the nervous system. Now, the nervous system is susceptible to two kinds of stimuli—physical and mental.

Physical stimuli include external excitants of various nature—such as light, heat, sound, odor, and also chemical and galvanic irritants. Mental stimuli are the result of exercise of the will and thought, and also of powerful and sudden emotions, the various emotions, acting through the nerves differently.

Joyful emotions accelerate the action of the heart and cause the dilation of the arterioles and capillaries to receive the added current.

Sudden terror or fear, on the contrary, causes a spasmodic contraction of the heart, and a simultaneous contraction of the small arteries, so that the face becomes blanched and the hands icy cold.

The capillaries, or the small blood-vessels which connect the arteries and veins, are affected by anything which affects the circulatory system through the nerves. These small vessels form a network over the entire body so close that the point of the finest needle cannot be inserted between them.

Thus, in blushing, a mental emotion has accelerated the circulation and dilated the capillaries on the surface. The blood then rushes into them in such quantities that they become visible, not as a network—they lie too close together for that—but as a uniform flush upon the skin.

The reason why some persons seldom or never blush is because, through constitutional or acquired power, their nervous systems are more or more less independent of emotional stimulus.

Shame, joy, fear, or horror excites in them but little emotion; and besides, such degree of emotion as may be excited is so far under the power of the will that it is permitted to send out no electric currents to disturb the even movements of the circulation.

WORRY.—Worry is the cause of more trouble than any other one thing, not excepting alcohol, for it leads men to murder, suicide, embezzlement, insanity, drink, family estrangements, quarrels, and business difficulties. Worried people cannot make good bargains; their judgments become so twisted or warped, through dwelling too long on the same subject, with those subjects they are no clearer at the end of their thinking than they were at the beginning. There are multitudes of deaths every year attributed to regular specific diseases, as typhoid fever, dyspepsia, consumption and heart disease, which have for their cause worry. Worry induces such a condition of body that it readily receives the germs of disease.

KEYS TO THE HUMAN HEART.—No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words or bitter, scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back terrible charges in the face of his accuser. Yet, guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whom, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart.

PREPARING FOR CONTINGENCIES.—Daughter: "Papa, don't you know it is bad manners to put your hands in your pockets?" Papa: "No, my dear; I am only practicing. Daughter: Practising what?" Papa: "To put my hands in my pockets, for I shall have to keep them there all the time after you have married the man you are engaged to."

Stand in awe of none more than your own conscience. There is a Cato in every man—a severe censor of his manners; and he that reverences this judge will seldom do anything he need repent of.

WHAT NEED OF WORDS!

BY R. T. A.

Come, let us sit together for a space,
In this still room remote from friendly mirth,
Afar from light and music, face to face,
Each unto each the dearest thing on earth.
Love, they have left us, our two bonny brides,
Our tall grave girl, our winsome laughing pet;
Ah me! How wide the chasm that divides
Our life from theirs! how far their feet are set
From the calm path they trod with us so long.
How we shall miss them, we who loved them so,
On winter nights when winds are blowing strong,
On summer mornings, when the roses blow.
But—happy but—we still clasp hand in hand,
Eye still meets eye, and true hearts understand.

Love, they have left us empty of the mirth
That cheered our homestead while they sojourned here;
Yea, they have left us lonely on the earth,
Lone, but together, solitude most dear;
Ah, God, go with them to the stranger-nests,
That love has built for them and theirs to come,
God keep all warm and living in their breasts
Love's holy flame, the altar-fire of home.
Dear, they have left us; we no longer hold
The first, best place, however leal each heart,
Yet have we treasure left, refined gold,
Love's sterling ore, without its baser part,
The wide old house has lost its nestling birds,
But we are left. Ah, love, what need of words!

SLIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES.

A few moments' consideration will convince any one that some of the most momentous crises in history have hinged upon very slight circumstances. If Mr. Grenville had not carried, in 1765, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging stamp duties on the plantations of America, the Western world might still have been under British rule.

In connection with this matter, there is another slight, albeit remarkable, circumstance, which may be told in Thackeray's own words.

"It was strange," says he, "that, in a savage forest of Pennsylvania, a young Virginian officer should fire a shot, and waken up a war which was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours from us, and create the great Western republic; to rage over the Old World when extinguished in the New; and of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest to leave the prize of the greatest fame with him who struck the first blow."

If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, says Pascal, the condition of the world would have been different. His meaning is, that if Cleopatra had had a nose short to deformity, she would have failed to attract Antony, who would not have been drawn into the conduct which culminated in the loss of the battle of Actium, which loss made way for the close of the Roman Republic in the inauguration of the Roman Empire.

Many men have been drawn to their destiny by the most trivial occurrences. Fenimore Cooper became a novelist through his wife's challenge. One evening, while reading a novel, he threw it down, saying: "I believe I could write a better book myself." "Let me see you do it," said his wife, with a smile. In a few days he had written several chapters of "Precaution," which, when finished, he published at his own expense.

The novel attracted little attention; but it gave Cooper an inkling of his capacity for story writing, and the "Spy," his next novel, appealed so strongly to the patriotic sympathies of his countryman that it became a great success. Hawthorne, too, was induced to write the "Scarlet Letter" by a remark of his wife.

If Cowley had not found the "Faery Queen" in his mother's parlor, it is just possible that he would never have been a poet. Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have remained a rude shepherd boy if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not attracted the attention of Cimabue.

Opie might have perished in obscurity if he had not looked over the shoulder of his companion, Mark Oates, while he was drawing a butterfly. Had his friend and companion escaped the thunderstorm at Erfurt, Luther might have been a lawyer.

To exhaust the list of discoveries which have been made through slight circumstances is beyond our power. A few, however may be noted. Porcelain was discovered by an alchemist while he was trying to find a mixture of earths that would make durable crucibles.

If a watchmakers apprentice had not held up some spectacle glasses between his finger and thumb, telescope lenses might never have been known; and if the shop of a Dublin tobacconist had not been destroyed by fire, Lundytoot snuff would certainly not have given joy to thousands of snuff-takers.

If a few drops of aquafortis had not fallen upon the spectacles of a Nuremburg glass-cutter, etching on glass might still have remained unknown. Had not the wife of an English papermaker accidentally let a blue bag fall into a vat of pulp, blue laid paper, the invention of which brought a fortune to the papermaker, might have still to be invented. Lithography, too, was perfected through suggestions made by accident.

A well known Paris doctor has made some curious discoveries which show the connection between little and great things. To ascertain the qualities of an applicant cook, he says, it is sufficient to give her a plate to clean, a sauce to make, and watch how she moves her hand in either act. If she moves it from left to right, or in the direction of the hands of a watch, you may trust her; if the other way she is certain to be stupid and incapable.

The intelligence of people may also be gauged, the doctor further says, by asking them to make a circle on paper with a pencil, and noting in which direction the hand is moved. The good students in a mathematical class draw circles from left to right. The inferiority of the softer sex, as well as the male dunces, is shown by their drawing from right to left. Asylum patients do the same.

In a word, says the doctor, centrifugal movements are characteristic of intelligence and higher developement; centripetal, are a mark of incomplete evolution. A person, as his faculties are developed, may even come to draw circles in a different way from what he did in his youth.

Sir Walter Scott, when walking along the banks of the Yarrow, saw Mungo Park throwing stones into the water and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. In reply to Scott's inquiry as to the object of his occupation, the great traveller said he was thinking how often he had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface. This was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended upon it.

Now that electricity is used for so many purposes, the slight pressure of a small button frequently effects wonders. So it is, as has been well observed, with the machinery of human life—a slight circumstance may frequently produce most momentous results.

NATURE without learning is like a blind man; learning without nature is like the maimed; practice without both these is incomplete. As in agriculture a good soil is first sought for, then a skilful husbandman, and then good seed; in the same way nature corresponds to the soil, the teacher to the husbandman, precepts and instruction to the seed.

Grains of Gold.

No wickedness proceeds on any ground of reason.

Slanderers do not hurt me, because they do not hit me.

Purity is the feminine, truth the masculine of honor.

Fortune does not change men; it only unmasks them.

Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most trifling actions.

Whatever disunites man from God, disunites man from man.

To see and listen to the wicked is already the beginning of wickedness.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self. All sin is easy after that.

There would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.

Wickedness resides in the very hesitation about an act, even though it be not perpetrated.

We should do good whenever we can, and do kindness at all times, for at all times we can.

Sincerity is the indispensable ground of all conscientiousness, and by consequence of all heartfelt religion.

Consider everybody sharper than yourself; take the meaning of people, not their words, as a guide in business.

Femininities.

Queen Victoria is an Episcopalian.

Handkerchiefs entirely of lace are coming into vogue.

The Princess of Wales is compelled to use an ear trumpet.

Fashion decrees that bridesmaids shall disappear from weddings.

Handsome and legible writing is coming into fashion again among the fair sex.

Judge: "Madam, what is your age?" She: "Your Honor, I leave that to the mercy of the court."

The shadows of our own desires stand between us and our better angels, and their brightness is thus eclipsed.

There is a stone by the grave of a child in a Western cemetery that, it is said, bears the legend: "He died of his grandmother."

A Western woman who wears false teeth has lost faith in Christian science because it failed to restore to her a natural set of grinders.

The woman suffrage movement in this country is 40 years old, and there are some women who have courage to admit that they helped start it.

Little Elsie: "O, take me up, mamma! It's so muddy." Mamma: "Walk across, that's a good girl. Mamma has all she can do to carry poor Fido."

At a recent "pink luncheon" given by a woman of fashion in Chicago all the young ladies wore pink slippers, with hose and garters of the same hue.

Home duties should be a woman's first care. As long as there is any work to be done for parent or home, a girl's paramount duty is to do it faithfully.

Kittie: "Oh, Mollie, Joe proposed to me last night." Mollie: "No! you don't say so! Did he do it nicely?" K.: "Yes—no—I don't know. I'm no expert."

Miss Flimsey: "Didn't Mr. Smith say to you as I entered the parlor last night, 'Clara, is that the beautiful Miss Flimsey?'" Clara: "Yes, dear, with the accent on the that."

The wife of James McElmore, of Texarkana, Texas, has just given birth to her third set of triplets within 3 years. At last accounts all the youngsters were living and healthy.

It is a pretty general rule that the scolding woman is a termagant in her household; and as for the sterner sex, in nine cases out of ten the evil tongue belongs to a disappointed man.

Maud: "And so you are not going to marry young Softly?" Ethel: "No, I can't marry him. I never could write a pretty capital S, and so it would be hard for me to write my name."

A New Orleans mother was awakened by the heavy breathing of her babe, and upon looking discovered a large weasel on the breast of the child, who was nearly dead from suffocation.

"I want a pair of squeaky slippers, size tens," said a blushing young lady to a shoe clerk. "Whom are they for?" he asked. "For papa, of course. Then George can tell when he's coming."

Husband, groaning: "The rheumatism in my leg is coming on again." Wife, with sympathy: "Oh, I am so sorry, John. I wanted to do some shopping to-day, and that is a sure sign of rain."

The latest fad in the jewelry line consists of a small strap of delicately yellow or black leather cut into a shapely design. At the centre is a tiny watch. The strap is to be worn upon the wrists of the ladies while they are shopping.

Amateur actor: "I think I was great in that death scene, Charley." Charley: "Yes, indeed, old man. Why, when you fell back and expired and your lifeless form was carried away the applause was fairly deafening. I never saw such a delighted audience."

Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Jones' servant girl: "What do you want?" "Mrs. Jones sends her regards and says would you be so kind as to count your children and see if you haven't got one too many, as our Mary hasn't come home and school has been out 2 hours."

To secure early lilac blooms it is recommended that there be "cut off a good-sized branch of lilac, from 3 to 5 feet in length; put it in a jar of tepid water and keep it in a warm room at a temperature of about 70 degrees. Keep the water in the jar tepid by pouring in warm water twice a day, and in about four weeks you will have fragrant blossoms."

"You say you want to marry my daughter. Have you spoken to her?" "Yes, sir," replied the young man, "and have gained her consent." "Well, if she said 'Yes,' that settles it. Anything I might say or do wouldn't have the slightest influence." Then the young man went home and wondered if he was not too young to marry such a girl.

The "last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell. What is the use of the last word? After getting it a husband might, perhaps, advertise to whistle for a wager against a locomotive; but in every other respect his victory would be useless and painful.

The "poverty dance" in Nevada City, Col., is thus described by a local paper: "Invitations printed on strawboard and enclosed in cheap yellow envelopes are circulated. Tickets for the ball are 40 cents, and supper 10 cents. No gentleman is allowed to participate who has less than two patches on his clothes; the ladies are dressed in calico, and refreshments are served on wooden plates."

"Papa, what is a conflagration?" "It is a big fire, my son." "And what do they call a little fire?" "There is no special name for a little fire. Oh! they sometimes call it an incipient fire." "Why?" "Well, I see your coat-tail is on fire, and I was wondering whether it was a conflagration or an incipient fire." In a few seconds the young man had reason to think it was a conflagration.

Masculinities.

Men dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake!

Love is a wife's only wages. Don't scrimp in your pay.

Old flames frequently get together and make a parlor match.

It is not impossible to meet with a plump refusal from a slender girl.

The gentleman is solid mahogany; the fashionable man is only veneer.

First get an absolute conquest over thyself, and then thou wilt easily govern thy wife.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

A woman's life is made up of little things. Make her life happy by little courtesies.

If you want your wife to submit to your judgment, never ask her to submit to your selfishness.

It is the greatest possible praise to be praised by a man who is himself deserving of praise.

We do not live for the verdict of the world: we live for the approval of our own consciences.

Every man has three characters—that which he exhibits, which he has, and which he imagines he has.

Baltimore boasts of having a wealthy society young man who can bake bread and cook a delicious meal.

You can learn not to cough if you try. Draw a long breath and hold it when you are inclined to cough.

Three scruples make a drachm, but most of the boys take the dram first and let the scruples come in at the second table.

By examining the tongue physicians find out the disease of the body, and philosophers the disease of the mind and heart.

Society is composed of two great classes, those who have more appetite than dinner, and those who have more dinner than appetite.

Many men imagine that the world couldn't get along without them, but when they die the town in which they lived experiences a boom.

One of the best known young women of Omaha is six feet six inches tall. The man who would steal a kiss from her must carry a step ladder.

A fool may be known by six things: Anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motion, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger, and mistaking his foes for his friends.

A leap-year party in Kansas had among its guests a gay bachelor of 71, escorted by a giddy maiden of 66. They were the liveliest of the throng.

"We should be kerful how we encurridge tummys," said Josh Billings. "It iz but a step forard from hoecake to plum puddin', but it is a mile and a half by the nearest road when we have to go back agin."

If there were any particular demand for an eleventh commandment it could probably be embodied in two simple and expressive words: "Trust not."

In Servia unmarried men and childless widowers, between the ages of 20 and 60, pay a tax three times in excess of those of the same class who are married.

There is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely wicked; but grows so, either as he holds himself up in virtue, or lets himself slide to viciousness.

He: "What a lovely fan you have, Miss Edith!" She: "Yes; I like it. Papa gave it to me. It came from Paris, and is hand-painted." He: "Indeed! And how nicely it matches your complexion!"

As soon as you forget to pay a man a small sum you owe him tell him so and he will be satisfied. It is the putting off and putting off of such payments and not telling the man you have forgotten it that makes him mad.

Smith was paying attention to a rich widow. He said, as he offered her a bouquet: "Madame, you grow more and more beautiful every day." "You exaggerate, my dear sir!" exclaimed the lady, very much flattered. "Well, then, let us say every other day."

Many of the evils in society, much of the vice and crime which we deplore, come from the degrading nature of amusements entered into the To foreign against them avails little; but to substitute something better and to persuade men to choose it is a task worthy of all endeavor.

A young man in Tallahassee, Florida, who in calling upon his sweetheart stayed until past midnight, found the front door fastened when he was ready to go. He made his exit through a window and fell into the hands of the Town Marshal, who mistook him for a burglar and searched him off to the lockup.

Before the wedding day he vows and protests that his dearest care will be her happiness and that there is no sacrifice too great for him to make to secure her comfort. Three months after they are married she has to tack the blankets to the side of the bed to keep him from rolling himself up in all the clothes.

Husband, rushing into the room: "Come out quickly." Wife: "What's the matter?" "The house is on fire, and we shall be burned to death if we hesitate a moment. Run, run for your life!" "Yes, I'll come in a minute; I must tidy up the room a little, so that it will look decent when the firemen get here."

A good wife is Heaven's last, best gift to man,—his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels; her voice is sweet music, her smiles his brightest day, her kiss the guardian of his innocence, her arms the pale of his safety, her industry his surest wealth, her economy his safest steward, her lips his faithful counsellors, her bosom the softest pillow of his cares.—

Recent Book Issues.

One of the very best books of its kind yet published is "Our Blue Book of Leading Newspapers for Leading Advertisers," issued by the H. & P. Hubbard Co., Advertising Agents and Designers, Engravers, etc., of New Haven, Conn. It contains a large number of special and in some respects novel features in its line of publication. Notable among these is its classification of the papers particularly useful for special lines of advertising, all the great branches of advertising being thus provided for. Besides these features the work likewise contains a vast amount of authoritative and highly useful matter, pertaining to the Law of Trade Marks, copyright, etc. Altogether it is a fitting product of the energy, ability, enterprise and originality which mark this great firm. Splendidly printed and beautifully bound in bright blue cloth.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The English Illustrated Magazine for March contains an article on "Penshurst," being the first of a series of sketches of "Old Homes," written by Miss Elsie Balch, niece of the Hon. John Jay. "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways" is continued, and there are likewise much other that is good both in prose, poetry and miscellany. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

The Grammar School Monthly for March presents its usual fine assortment of stories and sketches by the best writers. One dollar per year. We have also from the same publishers the March numbers of the *Interstate Monthly Primer*, *Primary Monthly* and *Intermediate Monthly*, each 30 cents per year. There are no publications, issued periodically, that so nearly meet the exact needs of the young, in school and out, as these monthlies. Interstate Publishing Co., Boston.

Woman is the best magazine published for the sex in the language. It is devoted to stories in which the ladies play the most important part. "Through a Womanless Land," by Thomas Stevens, is one of the cleverest tales of the number. The author is the well-known bicyclist who went around the world on his wheel. "Polygamy Unveiled," by Kate Field, tells the story of a woman who went through a Mormon marriage. Other sketches of interest are: "A Demoralizing Marriage," by Edgar Fawcett, chapters 1 and 2; "A Woman of Capri," and "Where Our Sealskin Sacques Come From," by Lieut. Schwatka. The remaining articles and the departments are of equal originality and interest. Published at New York.

The American Magazine.—The frontispiece of the March number represents "Judith and Holofernes," engraved by George Andrew, from the painting by Horace Vernet. In the opening article, which is handsomely illustrated, Charles Ellis describes "Michimackinak," a region bordering on Lake Huron. Dwight Benton gives a sketch of Mianicuccia, who has been for more than half a century one of the famous models of Rome. In a paper entitled, "The Harmonite Community," H. D. Mason writes about a society formed in the province of Wurtemberg, Germany, about 1800, and in "An American Palace of Delight," Joel Benton describes the Seaside Institute, at Bridgeport, Conn. There is besides much other excellent matter in this issue. Published at New York.

THE GROWTH OF GOSSIP.—It takes a long, conscientious life to build up a reputation, which may yet be injured for a time by a breath of gossip. For example, something like this may easily happen:

Mrs. A. says, in all innocence, to Mrs. B.: "That Mrs. Newcomer is so fond of her children. The other day when I called she was blowing soap bubbles with them through a common clay pipe."

"Mrs. B., in her next conversation with Mrs. C., retails the story, slightly altered: "That Mrs. Newcomer is so odd. Mrs. A. saw her amusing the children with a common clay pipe."

Mrs. C. to Mrs. D.: "That Mrs. Newcomer uses a common clay pipe."

Mrs. D. to Mrs. E.: "That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a horrid old pipe. I don't see how any woman in her sober senses can do that."

Mrs. E. to Mrs. F.: "That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a pipe and drinks dreadfully."

Social conversations are often like the game of scandal. An innocent statement becomes so distorted, after many repetitions, that it would never be recognized at the source from which it started.

IT WAS NOT HER SHADE.—His favorite mania was for locks of hair. He had quite a collection, and when one of the fair ones was going to get married, and wrote to him to send her back the lock she had given him, he wrote her a long letter reproaching her and saying that he had no objection to returning it. "It is the only pledge of the kind which I ever asked from a woman. I thought that it meant something; but you can burn it." She wrote in reply: "I send you back the lock of hair. I do not wish you to believe that I meant nothing. You can keep this pledge. It isn't mine. Please look for one about five shades darker."

In all kinds and degrees of sprains Salvation Oil, with rest, will effect a speedy cure.

Of 60,000,000 American population, it is said, one-third use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

UP IN THE CLOUDS.

A CLOUD is a mass of visible vapor or water particles held in suspension in the atmosphere. If it rests upon the surface of the earth we call it a fog. We see a mass of vapor on the summit of a high mountain, and we call it a cloud; but if we climb to the top of the mountain and find ourselves in the cloud we see it to be simply a fog.

To our observation, clouds take forms that are almost infinite in variety, yet they may be divided into six classes, each presenting quite distinct characteristics. These are known as cirrus, cumulus, and stratus cloud as simple divisions; and cirro-cumulus, cirro-stratus, and cumulo-stratus as compound divisions.

The cirrus cloud consists of long, slender filaments, either parallel or diverging from each other. These clouds have the greatest elevation and the least density of all clouds. Even in fair weather the sky is seldom free from small distant groups of cirrus clouds. They are thought to be made up of spicules of ice or flakes of snow, since at the great height at which they float—from five to eight miles above the earth—the temperature of the air is below freezing point even in mid-summer.

The cumulus cloud is much denser than the cirrus, and is formed nearer the earth. It usually has the form of a hemispherical or convex mass with horizontal base. This is the cloud often seen in large masses near the horizon, looking like huge mountains of snow. The rounded top of this cloud results from the mode of its formation. As the earth is heated by the sun's rays, currents of warm air rise, carrying with them invisible vapor. When they reach a certain height, this vapor is condensed and forms cloud, and since the upward motion is greater under the centre of the cloud, the vapor is there carried to its greatest height.

The stratus cloud is a widely-extended horizontal sheet, often covering the entire sky, and hanging so low that it frequently touches the earth's surface in the shape of a fog.

As for the compound modifications of cloud forms, the cirro-cumulus is seen in small rounded masses, often very near together. On account of their fleecy appearance these are often called "wooly clouds." This cloud is very frequent in summer, but seldom precedes rain.

The cirro-stratus consists of fibrous clouds spread out in strata, which are either horizontal or slightly inclined to the horizon. Sometimes the whole sky is mottled with this cloud, looking like the back of a mackerel, and, therefore, it is called a mackerel sky. This cloud always presages wind and rain.

The cumulo-stratus is the large dark cloud formed by the massing of the fleecy cumulus in great heaps. These clouds are to be seen in great magnificence on the approach of a thunderstorm, and are, therefore, often called "thunder heads." Some meteorologists also classify with the above the nimbus cloud, which is a stratus cloud from which rain is falling, but others do not think it worth while to keep this division.

The height of a cloud is measured by trigonometrical rule by observing its direction simultaneously at two stations. In mountainous countries it can be compared with the peaks near which it passes. Most accurate results are, however, obtained by ascending in a balloon and noting the height of the barometer when entering the cloud and again when emerging from it, the barometer giving the means of computing corresponding altitudes.

The height of clouds is variable. The stratus, as we have said, often descends to the earth. In pleasant weather the lower limit of cumulus clouds varies from 3,000 to 5,000 feet elevation, and their upper limit from 5,000 to 12,000 feet. Cirrus clouds never descend below the summit of Mont Blanc, which has a height of 15,744 feet, and are often seen to be far above mountains that are 20,000 to 22,000 feet high. It is estimated, however, that they would not be visible at a height exceeding ten miles. In vertical thickness clouds are supposed to seldom exceed half a mile, but the enormous masses of cumulus are sometimes estimated at over three miles.

Clouds move with the wind, and there is no way of estimating their movement but by measuring the velocity of the wind currents. Clouds reflect light, of course, or they would not be visible; such light as can pass through them is refracted out of its path by the presence of vapor particles. Thus, when we see objects through a fog we often notice that they are distant from their true position or unnaturally magnified.

The effect of clouds on heat is to lessen light, the water particles absorbing it and lowering the temperature of the air by their conversion into invisible vapor. Nevertheless, clouds hanging low in cold weather prevent a fall of temperature by preventing the radiation of heat from the earth's surface. As regards moisture, clouds are, obviously, moisture itself as well as the cause of moisture.

A PIG'S DISCOVERY.—About eighteen years ago, a pig strayed from the drove to which it belonged, and fell into a pit, on a spot where the city of Calumet now stands. In rooting about, it uncovered a mass of native copper, and showed to the world the location of the greatest copper mine it has ever known. As the result of that pig's discovery, humanity is now over $35,000,000 richer in the use of the copper there discovered; and the stockholders, who have helped the world to this great wealth have received about $25,000,000 for their trouble.

IN PUBLIC OFFICE.

When public officials, more particularly clerks etc., desire special leave of absence from duty it is nearly always granted, within certain limits, in cases of sickness or of domestic bereavement or other misfortune.

What constitutes domestic misfortune is, however, a difficult question. A man who had just lost his mother, applied for special leave to enable him to attend her funeral and make some arrangements as to the future of his young and orphaned brothers and sisters.

This was refused, and he was obliged to take leave without pay. Next year, having exhausted his ordinary leave, he applied for leave without pay, as he was about to get married and experienced a not unnatural desire for a short honeymoon. Much to his surprise, he was granted leave with pay.

As the same superior had dealt with both cases, it seems that to the official mind the death of a mother is a less grievous domestic calamity than the taking unto one's self a wife.

Not so, however, the death of a father. A certain knight of the quill once upon a time asked for a week's leave that he might go to bury his father.

This was readily granted; and so much sympathy was expressed by his chief, that he thought it a good opportunity to borrow some filthy lucre from his sympathizer.

The orphan then took his departure. A day or two afterwards, there arrived a visitor, who wished to see Mr. X., the orphan. Mr. X's chief explained that he wasn't to be seen, in fact he had gone away to bury his father.

"But," said the stranger, "I am his father!"

"Well," replied the official—a man of few words—"I don't know anything about Mr. X's private affairs; I only know he is gone to bury you."

At the end of the week of mourning, Mr. X. returned, looking very disconsolate. When asked by his chief how he fared, he pulled a very long face, and said that he had had "the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the last rites properly and decently performed," and so on, adding, that of course he felt very deeply on the subject, but that no doubt time would lighten the load of his affliction.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I can sympathize with you. I lost my father when I was a young man. When you lose your father, you lose your best friend. I hadn't the pleasure of your poor father's acquaintance during his lifetime; but he called here a few days after his death, and I had a short conversation with him. Now, this was most irregular; and my object in sending for you was this, when next the poor old gentleman dies, do, if you possibly can, arrange to have him buried and to be back here to meet him in case he calls again. That's all. Good-morning."

Exit Mr. X., not perhaps an outwardly sadder, but certainly a much wiser man.

PICKPOCKETS AND THEIR WAYS.—The true pickpocket abroad is not a vulgar criminal; on the contrary, he holds a good social position. Some pickpockets are proprietors of coffee-houses; others are tobacconists and jewellers, either at home or abroad; but all have the appearance of honest tradesmen, or of real gentlemen. Robbery is only practced during certain seasons.

One class, composed chiefly of spendthrifts, carries on operations without accomplices. In picking pockets they trust to chance, and in that way they take indifferently pocket-books, purses, watches, and tobacco cases.

The English pickpocket is best known, and he is to be found everywhere, although he is not the most skilful.

He has a reputation which he does not merit. He is still, awkward in his movements, and, though very quick with his hands, he is still a little phlegmatic, as is characteristic of England.

He can walk a great deal without being fatigued. In a day he traverses all the principal parts of Paris, wherever a crowd is to be found; and the police agents who give chase to him, watching for the psychological moment of his flagrant crimes to catch him, soon get exhausted with fatigue, but the pickpocket never does.

Wise as a serpent, he never allows himself to be allured by any dangerous temptation.

He never takes his stand more than ten minutes on the same ground, and generally makes only one victim in one place. The racecourses are the only places where the English pickpocket excels, and where he does not practice the rules which elsewhere are his constant guide.

There, bustle is favorable to his exploits, and he commits one robbery after another.

The German is a good hand at a very ancient kind of robbery, consisting of hustling a person violently, and then, profiting by his flurry, carrying off his purse. He frequents racecourses and shops very little, but he may always be found in large financial establishments.

There he sees the people who receive money, and takes note of the importance of the sums which they collect, in choosing his victim. The carrying off of a purse takes place often between two doors, or at the corner of a street.

The Italian pickpocket is the master of the art; he knows his skill, he is conscious of his superiority, and he can mock at all the European police. Unfortunately for him, his too great confidence in himself is fatal.

The American pickpocket is eclectic; all ways are good, and he will accept co-operation.

HINDERERS OF PROGRESS.—There never yet was anything which could be proposed, from the most important to the most humble, but, if you were to ask other people about it, you would hear that it was "all very well, but really it is not the time." If the originators of all the great movements and improvements which have benefited the race had waited until their friends ceased to say "it is not the time," they would have all gone into the dust without doing those things which have made them immortal. If, for the execution of the humbler designs which rise in the course of our private affairs, we were each to wait till others said it was time, there never would be anything done beyond the limits of the most ordinary routine.

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.—"Good-bye!" he said, brokenly, and his frame shook with emotion; "good-bye, and may Heaven bless you! Remember, Miss Smith, that, although I cannot win your love, I shall always be your devoted friend; and if at any time I can be of service to you, you will have but to command me. I leave for Texas to-night. Good-bye!"

"I am sorry, Mr. Gerridge," said Miss Smith, in a low tone of voice, "to have been the means of driving you so far from home, but since you are so kind as to offer your services, I will ask you to post a letter for me on your way to the train."

"Nasal Voices, Catarrh and False Teeth."

A prominent English woman says the American women all have high, shrill, nasal voices and false teeth.

Americans don't like the constant twitting they get about this nasal twang, and yet it is a fact caused by our dry stimulating atmosphere, and the universal presence of catarrhal difficulties.

But why should so many of our women have false teeth?

That is more of a poser to the English. It is quite impossible to account for it except on the theory of deranged stomach action caused by imprudence in eating and by want of regular exercise.

Both conditions are unnatural.

Catarrhal troubles everywhere prevail and end in cough and consumption, which are promoted by mal-nutrition induced by deranged stomach action. The condition is a modern one, one unknown to our ancestors who prevented the catarrh, cold, cough and consumption by abundant and regular use of what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy and Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, two old fashioned standard remedies handed down from our ancestors, and now exclusively put forth under the strongest guarantees of purity and efficacy by the world-famed makers of Warner's safe cure. These two remedies plentifully used as the spring and summer seasons advance give a positive assurance of freedom, both from catarrh and those dreadful and if neglected, inevitable consequences, pneumonia, lung troubles and consumption, which so generally and fatally prevail among our people.

Comrade Eli Fisher, of Salem, Henry Co., Iowa, served four years in the late war and contracted a disease called consumption by the doctors. He had frequent hemorrhages. After using Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy, he says, under date of Jan. 19th, 1888: "I do not bleed at the lungs any more, my cough does not bother me, and I do not have any more smothering spells." Warner's Log Cabin Rose Cream cured his wife of catarrh and she is "sound and well."

Of course we do not like to have our women called nose talkers and false teeth owners, but these conditions can be readily overcome in the manner indicated.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, March 18, 1888.

The story of Dress Goods goes on day after day like the murmur of the sea in a shell. The broad expanse of Ginghams, Sateens, Chintzes and their companions is as fresh as dewy pastures.

WOMEN'S MUSLIN AND CAMBRIC UNDERWEAR. New things all the time coming in. Here are some suggestive prices:

Night Gowns, 55c, 65c, 75c, 85c, $1, $1.33, $1.50 to $3;

Chemises, 35c, 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c, $1 to $5.

Drawers, 40c, 50c, 65c, 75c, $1, $1.25 to $5.

Skirts, 50c, 65c, 75c, 90c, $1, $1.25, $1.50 to $10.

Lace Trimmed Skirts, $1.50 and $1.75; the $2 and $2.50 kinds.

Skirts, blind embroidered ruffle, 75c and 90c; the $1 and $1.50 kinds.

SPRING STYLES IN MEN'S HATS. A HENRY HEATH (or Townsend & Co. Hat, from London, if you wish; or a Knox Hat, from New York (we are the agents here), or the best Philadelphia makes. Our $2.50 and $3 Derby and $4 and $5 Silk Hats deserve special attention. Plenty of higher cost grade.

ARE YOU THINKING OF THE NEW CARPET? We are ready for you. More space, more styles, more novelties, more price-pull, taking all sorts together, than we have ever had before.

For the Spring sales we introduce a new line of Brussels. Technical designation, "Wanamaker." The name "Wanamaker" woven on the back is a guarantee. Best worsted, exclusive styles and quality, sold under special guarantee of service, at $1.25 a yard, and a choice of thirty styles, ought to attract.

To be had only here.

Besides these regular Brussels we have a large line of standard and reliable goods which we are offering at retail for less than wholesale price. Axminsters and Wiltons were never handsomer. Ingrains 25c to $1. An entirely new stock of Smyrna Rugs and Carpets. Carpet linings. Oil Cloths. $10 for a 40-yard roll of Japanese Matting. No matter where the Carpet, Rug or Matting is made, if it is worth caring for you'll find it here.

Information, estimates or samples sent to any address. Churches, hotels and the like are particularly interested.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Humorous.

LOVE'S CURE.

Take a thimbleful of heartsease
That has faded long ago,
And the ashes of the roses,
That you used to treasure so.

Take the essence of the flower
That in meaning is regret,
And that healing herb of Egypt
Called "nepenthe"—to forget.

Let no time pass in mixing;
Take no moment to reflect;
But to strengthen—brace the tonic,
Add a month of cold neglect.

Throw a tear or two for sorrow,
And a smile or two for foam,
And a glance that's full of meaning,
With a dart to send it home.

Take a measure full of temper,
And some sharp, sarcastic spice,
And a long misunderstanding
Makes the compound awful nice.

Pepper it with sauce and sadness,
Mingle with a cigarette,
And a box of lovely candy
Won last August on a bet.

Watch it well with earnest longing,
Stirring with an auburn curl;
Cook it o'er the glowing hearth-fire,
Season with—"another girl!"

—U. N. None.

The home circle—Walking about with the baby at night.

Customer: "This stuff, sir, is not fit for a hog to eat!" Waiter: "All right, sor, don't ate it."

Why should you never tell a man to take a back seat?—Because if you do he'll be sure to take a-front.

The schoolboys of the land will be unanimously against the new tariff bill. It puts rattans on the free list.

Definition of "appetite"—The most ungrateful thing in the world. The more you do for it the sooner it deserts you.

There is probably but one thing which is harder to do than get out of a warm bed in the morning, and that is to get into a cold bed at night.

Passenger on street car, alarmed: "Madam, do you feel a fit coming on?" Madam, haughtily: "No, sir; I'm trying to find my pocket."

A well-dressed gentleman passing rather near a street car, the driver, with an emphatic gesture, called out: "Keep away from that mule! He kicked three times at the President of our company when he had his Sunday clothes on. That mule isn't scared of anybody!"

Magistrate, to prisoner: "You say, Uncle Rastus, that you took the ham because you are out of work and your family are starving, and yet I understand you have four dogs about the house." Uncle Rastus: "Yes, sah, but I wuddent ask my family to eat dogs, yo' honor!"

"Ah, Johnnie, my boy," said a gentleman, accosting a lad the other day, "I hear your father has apprenticed you to a plumber." "Yes, sir." "Fine business, fine business! I suppose you are kept busy soldering leaks, wiping joints and so forth?" "No, sir, not yet." "Haven't got as far as that yet. What do they keep you at?" "Making out bills, sir!"

First Lady (to newly found friend): "You are the most fortunate of women. I did not believe such a perfect angel of a man could exist." Second Lady (mystified): "I beg pardon." First Lady: "I refer to your husband's liberality in money matters. He handed you that money with as little hesitation as if he had been a lover instead of a husband." Second Lady (quietly): "It's my money."

"Maria," said Mr. Dunks, as he came in and threw a folded document on the table, "I have just insured my life for five thousand dollars in your favor. There is the policy." "Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Dunks; "I hope it may be many years before it will be of any use to me, if ever." "It will be of much use to you if you wish to marry again!" he growled. "With five thousand dollars in cash you can pick out almost any fool you like." "No, my dear," she replied affectionately, "I think I should want a change next time."

On Wrinkles.—A physician says that he has recently been making a study of wrinkles. Continues the doctor: "It is customary to say that wrinkles come from worrying, but the truth is that most of them come from laughing.

This is rather paradoxical, I must admit, but I have only been convinced after the most careful investigation. To know how to laugh is just as important as to know when to do it. If you laugh with the sides of your face, the skin will work loose in time, and wrinkles will form in exact accordance with what kind of laugh you have.

The man who always wears a smirk will have a series of semicircular wrinkles covering his cheeks. When a gambler, who has been accustomed to suppressing his feelings, laughs, a deep line forms on each side of his nose, and runs to the upper corner of his mouth.

In time this line extends to the chin, and assumes the shape of a half moon. A cadaverous person with a wax-like skin is very apt to have two broadly marked wrinkles, one running up from the jaw, and the other under the eye.

These meet at right angles at the cheekbone, and look as though they formed a knot at the apex. The scholar's wrinkles form on his brow, while the scheming politician's come round his eyes, where they look for all the world like the spokes of a wheel.

Some of the people who bet on races have the most astonishing crop of wrinkles I ever saw save on an elephant."

"Justice" in Russia.—There are three kinds of arrests in Russia. The first are intended to inspire terror and obtain clues to secret revolutionary action; the second are intended by the use of torture to compel confession, or induce the prisoner to betray friends; the third are those of the political suspects, who are kept in solitary confinement for months or years, while the police scour the empire in search of criminating evidence against them.

Justice is proverbially slow in Russia. The government has so much police work in hand, there is so much underground service, that cases have to await their turn, and again and again prisoners become insane from solitary confinement, or die in their dungeons before it is known whether they are guilty or not.

The subject in Russia has no law on his side. Innocent or guilty, he is at the mercy of police officers, who are responsible to no one but the Czar, and who know that the Czar will never inquire into their conduct.

Directions to Lovers.—There is no stated rule for writing love letters. You should write on foolscap paper, and bear on it as soft as you can, using words of such burning love that they will dazzle on the point of the pen.

It is also advisable to sling in a bunch of pathos, such as "Dearest Augusta, I love you with a love larger than an elephant. I think of you every day; and by-and-by, when the days grow longer, I shall think of you twice a day."

It is also well to put an ink-blot in the corner, with the observation, "Darling, I kissed this spot," or "I heaved a sigh in this vicinity."

A Mean Trick.—Friend: "Well, Eliza, how do you like your husband?" Eliza: "He is a villain." All men are; but what has he done?" "You know he was a widower. Well, I've found out that all his love letters to me were copied verbatim from the ones he wrote to his first wife before he married her." "I shouldn't mind that. He will never send you any more."

A little girl, becoming wearied over the quarreling of two children about a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use in fighting forever over that milk? There's a whole cowful out in the barn."

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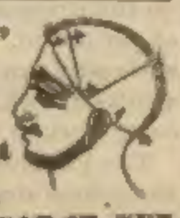

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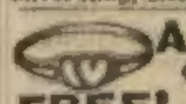

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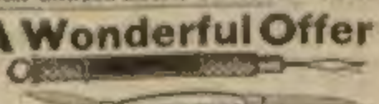

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Ingenuity, artistic talent, and untiring industry, have to be brought to bear nowadays to ensure success in the business of dressmaking. There are so many competitors in the field, so many show-rooms to choose from, and women have trained themselves so well in the knowledge of what they need, that each year the task of pleasing them becomes more difficult.

The world at large benefit thereby, for a number of good and new materials are continually being brought out, as well as many varieties of styles of making.

One new and good fabric is velours de laine, or velvet pile; but the first name is the best, for it conveys really what it is, a soft velvet-like material made in wool.

We note that most of the best dressed women are wearing gray of the smoke tone, and this is just a kind of coat that would appeal to their taste, for I have seen nothing like it elsewhere, and no woman who makes dress a study cares to have what everybody else wears.

A mantle in the same stuff of the same shade hailed from Worth. This came just below the waist at the back, but longer in front.

The specially new point in it was the arrangement of some inch-wide jet galon, which both back and front was set in close perpendicular rows, that reached to within about twelve inches of the neck. There was a positive sleeve cut in one with the back. It was trimmed from the shoulder to match. The mantle was lined throughout with brocade, and was just the covering that those who do not care for a weighty garment would care to possess.

One firm had some dresses which possessed the merit of not being seen elsewhere. Especially novel was a dinner gown of shot-blue and gray like a pigeon's wing, the silk as bright as the old glace; it was powdered all over with single floral sprays in green, and alternately dark brown velvet.

Long bands, ending in bows of these two colors in ribbon velvet, appeared at the sides of the skirt, and on one side were three pinked-out flounces of the silk, with gathered and puffed headings. The back fell in natural folds, and fastened over the low bodice at the back, which was laced in front, and only trimmed with bands of the ribbon velvet; brown and green as braces at the back and front, and, in addition, horizontal lines of the same in front, as though framing the bust.

We find descriptions of fashionable dresses now, as far as color is concerned, give a poor idea of their actuality. They are apt to sound much more crude and *voyante* than they really are, from the fact that we have acquired the talent of blending our colors properly.

For example, the next dress I am about to describe is intended for morning wear, and is a dark green cloth, trimmed with orange—a bold combination, nevertheless, to read about, but very perfect in effect. Round the hem of the skirt were narrow flounces in five rows, pinked out in deep vandykes, alternately green and orange, the green uppermost, so that only a dim line of orange asserted itself; over these fell long draperies of green cloth.

On the bodice there was a double waistcoat—one of dark green brocaded shot silk, the other of orange cloth braided in gold; the same orange cloth appearing at the cuffs, also braided; a piece of the brocade let in in a V shape down the back.

Movable waistcoats are a useful fashion well shaped. White cloth braided in gold is well worn, also cloth of the exact tone of unstained leather, the leather itself serving the same purpose.

A simple but stylish gown had a green velvet petticoat of a dark tone, with a drapery of green cloth, and a double row of otter down the front. This was made with a crossed bodice, having the fulness set in the shoulder; a white waistcoat braided in gold could be changed at will.

A black dress is certainly a most useful part of the wardrobe of all women who visit much.

A gown we saw was at the same time most useful and distingue looking. The back of the skirt was simply a long black silk train, slightly bouffant at the waist; velvet would do just as well, but the front was a brilliant ruby matelasse in one of those grand old Venetian patterns, which are unrivalled. This formed three diagonal pleats across the front and side draperies, wide Brussels lace filling up the other side, and showing the best advantage over the red matelasse. A pointed waistcoat of the red placed on the front of the bodice was supplemented by a similar shaped piece on the back. It was a stately-looking gown, and had a thick red and black silk ruche at the foot.

There are always some distinctive novelties for those who realize that there is scarcely anything more stylish or more generally useful than a tailor-made winter dress and a well-arranged mantle or jacket.

We are gradually gliding into wearing the polonaise. It has many varieties, but they all carry out the idea of being cut in one with the skirt.

The newest polonaise fasten in a rounded form below the waist, the skirt apparently falling into box-pleats, which open here and there to show panels or the underskirt, leather-colored cloth forming the newest class of such panels. The braiding on the dresses has reached a high standard of perfection. A dark green cloth costume showed a panel and revers of frise velvet, a little smocking introduced in the waistcoat, worked in gold thread.

The hat and muff now invariably accompany such dresses, and either braiding or tinsel ornaments find their way on the top of the sleeves, either as epaulettes or as trimmings, brought down the outside of the arm in pointed fashion.

Sometimes coarse cord is employed for braiding and for edging the draperies. Silk and velvet and frize fabrics are combined with plain materials, and with these fine braidings in cord or soutache, with which a tinsel thread is interwoven, are employed for waistcoats and cuffs.

The bonnets worn with these costumes are new and stylish, the kid bonnets with brown or green velvet carrying off the palm of novelty.

Very new and stylish is a red scouring-flannel serge made as a coat, with hood lined with red and black checked silk, the lining making an effective trimming in the form of a revers in front; the front altogether is cut in original fashion, the material, gathered at the throat, giving additional flow and uncommon quaintness; the back describes three double box-pleats.

Jackets are considered much smarter and more convenient for walking than any other form of outdoor garment that a general endeavor is to get something new under this head, which is certainly attained in a double-breasted jacket of unplucked otter, loose in front, [illegible] with large buttons, and having [illegible] roll collar.

Unplucked beaver would not be recognized by those who have the ordinary beaver in their minds. It is but rarely seen, and has not before been turned to such a purpose. Plush is still a great deal used for the long cloaks, into which handsome tassels are introduced.

In lieu of the old circular, a good fur-lined shape in cloth has been designed, trimmed with squirrel lock; it has sleeves, and single pleats at the back; the shape useful and serviceable.

The new silk-finished Venetian veilings are exceedingly delicate and beautiful. These come in plain shades of golden bronze, olive, Roman red, new terra cotta, moss-green and other fashionable colors, and also in pale-hued and neutral tints strewn with delicately colored buds and blossoms. These fabrics will be made into attractive toilets for the summer season, with slight draperies and plain full skirts. The corsages to such dresses will be cut in a V, or medium-low square in the neck, with a chemisette of lace or crepe lisse set in. Much watered-silk ribbon will be lavished upon the skirt and corsage, the gown entire forming an inexpensive toilet, which, however, will prove dressy enough for any ordinary occasion.

Gloves and handkerchief sachets are in the form of a music roll, only much larger round; they are of brocaded silk, or any other fancy material, and are edged and tied with cord. The cord is plaited to make a strap handle, and this is finished off by twisting the ends into round medallions, which are firmly fixed to the sachet.

Other sachets are made in the shape of nightdress bags, but more oblong, and the flap is ornamented with a band of Eastern embroidery, or gold painted canvas. Gentlemen's sachets look best when treated as plainly as possible; navy-blue silk with white lozenges or horseshoe is suitable; it is simply edged with cord.

As for the pretty trivolities that can be "tossed up" out of silk and Eastern materials, they are literally endless. The folding fan is now used as a wall bracket. It is opened, and across one end is arranged a silk pocket.

A rather fussy chair back that lately came out is worth noticing. Over the stuffed back of an occasional chair is thrown a slip of velveteen, embroidered in one corner with a group of flowers; a silk scarf falls down on one side, whilst another scarf is knotted up and jauntily placed on the top above the flowers.

Baskets are with a few stitches, by the help of the silk squares, made into lovely little wall ornaments, the coloring in unison with the wall decorations. Boxes of all shapes and sizes, when covered with Eastern embroidery, are fit for any drawing-room or toilet-table.

Those ladies who prefer using a brush to a needle may like to hear of a somewhat new style of varnish painting. All the colors are mixed with varnish, and the method of laying them is rather different to that employed in ordinary oil painting. When finished the colors are very smooth and brilliant, and the decorative effect is excellent. The panels are of wood or lacquer, the former need sizing. There is some knack required for getting the coats of paint perfectly level, and a few lessons might possibly be found necessary.

Savory Eggs, Fried.—Take a dozen hard-boiled eggs, cut them in halves and scoop out the yolks. Mix the yolks with some finely-minced cold chicken, mushroom, shalot, a little lemon juice, and pepper and salt to taste. Put this mixture into the white halves, put the two halves together, pass a piece of thread round them, roll them lightly in egg and bread-crumbs, and fry to a light brown.

Savory Eggs (another way).—Put two ounces of butter into a stew-pan, well rub the bottom with a clove of garlic. When the butter is very hot, stir in five eggs, well beaten, and seasoned with pepper, salt, and a little cayenne, stir quickly for about four minutes, and send to table on a hot dish.

Savory Pie.—Cover the bottom of a well-buttered pie-dish with a layer of chopped mushrooms; place on this two ounces of tapioca which has been soaked for ten minutes in a quarter of a pint of water, sprinkle over it a small onion and two or three sage leaves chopped small. Add three hard-boiled eggs, also chopped, seasoned with pepper and salt. Lay two ounces of butter, broken into small pieces, on the surface, cover the dish with pastry, and bake in a hot oven for about half an hour.

Veal Scallops, White.—Trim away the fat, gristle, and skin from about two pounds of fillet of veal. Cut it into rounds the size of a nickel piece, half an inch thick. Fry them in clarified butter, taking care that, though thoroughly cooked, they do not brown. Drain them on paper and arrange them in a circle on a dish, pour white sauce round them, and put dressed celery or fried potatoes in the centre.

Potatoes, a la bonne bouche.—Boil twelve medium-sized potatoes, let them get cold, then cut them in slices. Chop a blade of shalot, also a little parsley very fine, place them in a stew-pan with three ounces of butter and a pinch of mixed sweet herbs, let simmer slowly five minutes, then put in potatoes, sprinkle some seasoning over them, and let simmer gently for ten minutes, occasionally stirring to prevent burning; just before serving, squeeze the juice of one lemon over the potatoes.

ACTOR'S WIFE: "Why so depressed, Claude? What has come over you?" Actor: "I am cast for a part that is unworthy of me. Still, if I decline it I am liable to be discharged. I really do not know how to act under the circumstances." Wife: "Well, Claude, you don't know how to act under any circumstances, so don't let that distress you."

Odds and Ends.

FASHIONABLE FANCY WORK.

Here is a charming little bag for ladies to carry their needlework or handkerchief and scent bottle in. A piece of brocade, in which coral-pink and golden tints predominate on a white ground, forms the front and back, with a frilling of golden-brown satin standing up at the top. At the sides are inserted puffings of coral-pink satin, at the left the puffing is almost entirely hidden with loops upon loops of golden-brown ribbon, by which it is also slung on the arm. It hangs by three or four ribbons which are tied in a bow that rests on the arm when the bag is carried. It never does to stint oneself with ribbon if looped bows are to be made.

One can imagine the same bag made by a careful woman with an economic turn. The loops are curtailed so that they fall, say, three inches below the bag. The pouf is almost innocent of fulness, and the standing frill is as narrow as it can well be. Better ten times for such a woman to keep to her plain needlework, which she probably does admirably.

Confidential Correspondents.

QUEBEC.—The census of the Dominion of Canada in 1881 showed a population of 4,324,810.

J. M. A.—There are coal-beds worked in Kilkenny and Tyrone, Ireland. The coal measures are rich in iron mines, but they are not worked.

I. S.—Send a postal card directed to yourself, and we will forward you the address of a house where you may get the book about which you inquire.

R. H. G.—The words *Ecce Homo* are Latin, and mean "Behold the Man!" the reference being to Pilate's exclamation, recorded in St. John.

REX.—A man becomes of age on the day before his 21st birthday anniversary, and he is entitled to vote on that day. Being under 22 he may vote without paying tax.

PELHAM.—You can not siphon from a well which is over thirty-two feet from the top to the surface of the water, no matter how great may be the fall in the other arm of the siphon.

SPLINTERS.—There is a foolish superstition that it is ill luck to break a looking-glass; the nature of the ill luck varies. If broken by a maiden she will never marry; if by a married woman it betokens a death.

TYRO.—The first newspaper published in our language, was the "English Mercury," issued in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was in the shape of a pamphlet. The "Gazette of Venice" was the original model of the modern newspaper.

EDNA.—If you mean the American General George Clinton of Revolutionary fame, he was not killed in battle at all, but died in New York in 1812. His English namesake in the same war General Sir Henry Clinton, died in England in 1795. 2. We cannot give you the maiden name of Daniel Boone's wife.

W. A.—There is little or no danger attending the administration of nitrous oxide gas, but in all cases it should be administered under the eye of a person with more experience in the use of anæsthetics than is attained by most dentists. Two or three fatal cases have been recorded, but probably the gas ought not to have been given at all.

REP.—The only objection to phrenology is that it is not generally always or possibly true. You need not contend that there is "nothing in it;" it would hardly have subsisted so long if it had not had some small basis of fact. You may concede to your opponents that there is a general correspondence between size of brain and strength of mind.

MATER.—You may clean white fur by brushing it well to free it from dust; then rubbing in some hot flour, or starch in fine powder. It should be applied with a pad of cotton wool, and renewed as it becomes soiled. Finally, a small cane should be used for beating the fur to remove the powder. Hot bran is good for very dirty furs, or where the hair is of great length.

W.—A nævus is a growth composed of a network of fine veins. It is of the nature of a "birth-mark," and not dangerous to life. But nævi may grow and become a source of great disfigurement. The operation for removal of a nævus depends on its gravity and the size of the growth, but is not, as a rule, dangerous nor always necessary. Lotions and caustics are sometimes used.

W. S.—An astronomer is one who studies the heavenly bodies in order to ascertain the laws which govern their existence and movements, while an astrologer or astrologian is now generally styled as one of unscientific mind, who vainly professes to forecast the future fates of himself or others by the aspects of the stars. Nearly, or perhaps, all ancient astronomers believed the heavenly bodies to have causal power, and as their research required a knowledge of astronomy, there was formerly no need for distinction.

UPWARD.—We should strongly advise you to divide each evening between three subjects, instead of giving a whole evening to one. To devote three hours to one subject must be tedious, without being altogether profitable. As your syllabus has six subjects, you might get through it in two evenings. We admire your pluck in studying for three hours every evening, and then giving another hour to reading which is not light; but you must be careful not to get a surfeit. Don't forget that all work and no play makes Jack——.

PUZZLED.—Our advice is simply don't. You had far better give him up. Marrying men to reform them has never been a successful enterprise on the part of women. Girls are worth too much unmarried to sacrifice themselves in this way. Such a man does not wean so easily as a calf. He will go home only to sober himself, and then not till the other places are closed. A girl may marry such a man hoping that next year he will be better; but the next year he will worse. There are sober boys enough for all the girls, and there is no need for marrying a drunkard.

FLETCHER.—To become a good speaker, three things are necessary—to read much, to think much, and to speak much. Unless you read, your speeches will be mere babble; unless you think, they will be ineffective. The orator, of course, is like the poet—born, not made; but the knack of lucid, effective speech may, if due pains are taken, be acquired by any one of ordinary parts. One of the most effective political speakers of the present day—a statesman whose utterances are models of point and cogency—was, at the outset of his career, painfully feeble and halting. Whatever else you do or leave undone, give the ordinary elocutionist a wide berth. You want to learn to speak, not to mouth.

YORK.—1. Our space will not allow us to explain the game of cribbage fully, as there are four different modes of playing. It is played with the complete pack of cards generally by two persons, and sometimes by three and four. The object of the game is for one of the opponents to score sixty-one or 121, according to the number of players, before his or their adversaries. This is done by fixing certain values on numbers made by the cards when played. For instance, each time the cards total fifteen, two is scored by the last player. Values are also fixed on cards pairing or failing in a consequence. 2. Piquet is a French game, and not so general in America. It is usually played by two or four people with a pack containing thirty-two cards—the sixes, fives, fours, threes, and two being omitted. The object of the game is for one or the other of the opponents to gain 151 first, and to do this certain values are placed on the cards as they fall in sequences.